THE WAYS OF THE SERVICE

FREDERICK PALMER

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"I'm going to quarters and give myself up, now."

—Page 206.

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By

FREDERICK PALMER

Illustrated by

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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——"Never mind! Whatever they are, they are our ways—the ways of the Service —and dear to us."—MRS. GERLISON.

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BALLARD

BALLARD

I

HIS usual luck! Such was the conclusion of the steerage mess of the flag-ship, assembled at tiffin. They nodded toward the vacant chair, while the uproar of their talk drowned the whir of the electric fans which were officially supposed to beat some life into the air of Manila Bay in May. The Chinese steward, coming and going with dishes, wondered if "Mlista Ballie-Ballie" had been made "Plesiden' Lunitee Statee," or—what was much greater—"Admilal."

"But how can he sail away and leave Margaret Carson to all those army officers at this critical juncture?" asked Byers.

"True," said Gilligan. "We'll have a rise out of him about that."

As he spoke, Ballard himself entered the room.

"We know you've got the *Avispa*. We know that you're a big man now," Gilligan continued. "But the great thing is, have you got the girl?"

Ballard flushed and hesitated. It seemed, however, that his joy was too great to be concealed.

"Yes, I have," he said. "She spoke the word last night and her mother is going to announce it to-day. Congratulate me!"

There was a glance of understanding followed by a shout as he took his seat.

"The Army and Navy unite! A single service! Hooray!"

"We'll fight in rubber boots at sea and battleships on land!"

"Bubby and Margy! It's hard to make a rhyme!"

"We'll give you six months to——"

Ballard sprang to his feet.

"It isn't a thing to be bandied about in that way!" he retorted, angrily. "It isn't going to be broken off! I won't stand such talk!"

Whereupon the steerage, rising, repeated, in deep voices, their well-known corrective:

> "How sad! How awful sad!
> The little man is mad!"

Ballard started to leave the room. Gilligan arresting him with a word, hastened to his side.

"Oh, come," he said, "you didn't enter the navy

yesterday. Did you expect us to pass you in review and bow solemnly when you've got the finest girl in Manila and the *Avispa* in the same windfall? Especially as you beat the army and "—this with a laugh and a slap—"as you worked so hard for her."

Ballard smiled dutifully and returned to that compound—frizzled beef and eggs—by means of which the navy maintains the influence of the United States in tropical waters.

"Anyway," he said, grudgingly, "it's a long time since you've had one on me."

For the ways of the mess entirely, and many of the ways of the Service as a whole, are only the natural evolution toward a minimum of friction and a maximum of comfort for human beings of varying ranks and dispositions who are rubbed together morning, noon, and night in a close community. Frizzled beef is dismal enough of itself. If you would ride your hobby, whether it be torpedoing or golf, then you must dismount when others can only choose between listening or going hungry.

In the course of an hour after the meal every member of the steerage found his way separately to Ballard's room and there congratulated him in

the heartfelt and simple manner of friends who understand each other.

Gilligan, his classmate, was the last to come. He, as Ballard knew, had had his heart set on getting the *Avispa*. His only chance of a separate command while he was yet young enough to enjoy it was gone. But he held out his hand now as generously as he had when his rival had been made captain of the football team at Annapolis.

Having regarded every one of his twenty-four hours' leave as too precious to be wasted in sleep, it was not surprising that, after Gilligan had gone, Ballard found himself tired.

It was the hottest—the *siesta*—hour of the day. He took off his blouse and dropped upon his bunk. Here he was, smiling at his own thoughts, when Surgeon Belvoir, of the senior mess, appeared at the door. Belvoir also had been attentive to Margaret Carson. He was a sallow, bent man, inordinately fond of reading and study aboard ship and of poker ashore.

"Congratulations," he said. "I'm sure she'll settle down to be a fine woman."

Ballard thanked him, without noticing any sting in his remark.

"Tired, eh?" added the surgeon. "You're not

looking very perky, that's a fact. Um-m-m, your heart is pounding against your shirt there like a driving-rod."

"Yes," was the reply. "It's been doing that a good deal the last few weeks. Late hours, perhaps—or love?"

The surgeon already had put his ear to the Ensign's breast with as little ceremony as you would shake hands.

"The late hours are cured," Ballard said, lightly; "but there is no cure for the other thing."

"No, it's not that. Do you mind if I put a stethoscope on you? I'm fond of studying hearts. I want to satisfy myself about a little point."

The surgeon spoke in his usual querulous, academical manner.

"Oh, go ahead. Anything in the name of medical science except vivisection."

Belvoir brought his instrument from his cabin. When he had held the cups to his ears for a moment Ballard asked:

"Well, do you find that it's bifurcated, or triple expansion, or in the wrong place? Which?"

"Nothing was said about your heart when you were examined for your commission?" was the gravely spoken question in reply.

"No, no. But what do you mean?"

The very thought of heart trouble—that end of everything—is chilling to a man in the Service.

As Belvoir fell back, the rubber tubes of the stethoscope wriggling in his hand, the Ensign dropped from the bunk to his feet.

"If only it were congenital or of long-standing, but too apparently it is fresh," Belvoir was saying, mechanically. "Do you want to know, really?"

"I should not ask if I didn't. Come, speak out! What are you waiting for?"

Belvoir turned his head to one side and averted his eyes.

"You know about Farrand?" he said, slowly.

What member of the Service did not know what the tropics had done for Farrand, a junior lieutenant, promoted in February, who had died the week after the Board passed him out in June?

"Well," Belvoir continued, "you have the same kind of a lesion. It must be recent and of rapid growth, else they couldn't have missed it at the examination for your commission."

"Impossible! impossible!" Ballard repeated, with such vehemence that the little surgeon dodged as if he expected a blow. "I, a lesion of the heart? Why, I can swim two miles! I have never felt an

ache or a pain! Impossible! impossible! You can't fool me with talk like that."

"Alas, yes, but it's athletes who have lesions. Your muscles are strong, and that only makes the strain on a weak heart the worse."

The fire from an impregnable position to the struggling, hunching line which finds that its charge has failed can have none of the terror for an officer of the few measured words of a surgeon. Ballard gripped the railing of the bunk to steady himself. Belvoir thought that he was going to fall. But the manner of the Service soon returned to him.

"And how long do you think that I shall last?" he asked in a voice that was not breaking, though taut as the string of a violin.

"Perhaps a year, perhaps two years if you were to lie in a long chair at Pasadena. Otherwise, perhaps a month, perhaps six months."

"No long chair at Pasadena for me," he said. "I shall begin my cruise on the *Avispa* to-morrow —by your kindness. This examination was not official. Promise me"—he grasped the surgeon's wrists—"promise me that you will not report me! That you'll not say a word to anybody!"

Belvoir, almost in terror of the force of physique

and force of mind (an inheritance from ancestors given to explicitness and command) which were concentrated upon him, gave his word; and it is to be recorded here that he kept it.

"Thank you, Belvoir. I am glad that it was you rather than a stranger who examined me first. I'm afraid I seemed in a deadly funk. One does not get such news more than once in a lifetime."

"I—I am sorry. You asked me," Belvoir stammered as he left the room.

Of the two he was the more perturbed. As he passed along the metal corridor of the ship his lips were working and the muscles of his face were twitching.

As for the Ensign, he pulled to the hangings of his door. For an hour he sat looking steadily at a corner of his washstand, seeing only Margaret. He could have gone easily, with her kisses still moist upon his cheek, into battle where certain death awaited him; but what he faced now, in the glow of seeming health and strength, required as much the patience of the invalid as the simple courage of the Service.

Yet no one was gayer than he at dinner, where the current of "grinds" was turned toward the freshest cadet from the Academy; for "Babe" Arm-

strong had been chosen that afternoon by the Admiral as the executive officer of the *Avispa*.

At 2 A.M., instead of sleeping, Ballard was looking at the photograph of Margaret, as he still was at 3 A.M., before he put it into his box. At 6 A.M. his things had been passed over the side. At seven —for the older the sailor the earlier he rises—the Admiral sent for him to receive his final instructions. Ballard found the great commander taking his constitutional on the after-deck.

"Here are your orders and there's your sugar-scoop, yonder, my son," he said, passing the Ensign a typewritten paper and nodding toward the *Avispa*, which lay at anchor about a thousand yards away in the direction of Cavite. "You've got a separate command, and that's more than most men who've been in the Service for twenty years have had. It's a pity. Why, I had a gun-boat of my own and was fighting her, too, when I was twenty-five. It develops a sense of responsibility. You can't ask any questions, now. You must go ahead on your own judgment. And when you go ahead, go."

"Yes, sir," replied Ballard. He supposed that that was all, and saluted. Then the Admiral, who had been looking the stalwart youngster up and

down as if he were examining points in a thoroughbred, added:

"How old are you, Mr. Ballard?"

"Twenty-three, sir."

"And where did you stand in your class?"

"Sixth, sir."

"Didn't work very hard, eh? Naturally couldn't help learning?"

"I thought I worked pretty hard sometimes, sir."

"Your father over again. You look just as he did when we were at Mobile Bay together, except you're a little taller. Get that from your mother, I think."

The Admiral put his hand on Ballard's shoulder, whereat the marine pacing the deck was more than ever convinced that the Asiatic Squadron was going to have an easy day of it.

"Sound as a dollar from head to foot," the Admiral continued. "Keep your health. You must have that as well as a good head in the navy. You're sure of a star on your collar one day. Perhaps, when your hair gets as white as mine, you may have a constellation of them. Good-by, and good luck."

"Good-by, sir. I thank you with all my heart."

"Healthy!" "Sound!" "A star on your collar!" The Admiral's words rang mockingly in his ears, as he descended the gangway.

"I shall have my star soon," he thought. "In the next month I'll pass through all the grades. I'll be Navigator, Captain, Squadron and Fleet-Commander, Vice-Admiral, Admiral, High Admiral! It's my last fling. If there's any excitement in the *Avispa* to make me forget the thumping in my chest, I'll have it."

His own men in his own boat—with his own boatswain, Swanson, a thickset viking of a Swedish-American—rowed him over to the *Avispa.* Now the *Avispa* was not a thing of beauty, but one of the mosquito fleet for patrolling the shallow places of the archipelago which we bought from the Spaniards. Being larger than the others, which were in charge of cadets, she had an ensign for her commander and a cadet for her executive. In support of the Admiral's description of her as a sugar-scoop was Swanson's remark that he had to look under water for her screw to make sure which end was her stern.

As the anchor was being raised, one of the launches which were going and coming in the bay ran alongside. Ballard turned to see, first, that

there was a lady on board, and, then, to recognize her as Mrs. Gerlison, who kept more secrets than any woman in Manila.

"Is this the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Ballard?" she called.

"Ay, ay, Madam, and at your service," he replied, cheerfully.

"I told the quartermaster," she said, as the launch made fast to the *Avispa*, "that whoever served me served the army. That's not down in the regulations, but it's as patent as the unwritten rules of decorum, don't you think? And I had to have the launch so that you might depart with proper honors."

"How's Margaret?" he asked.

"My! How serious you are! So far as I know there is no change in her symptoms. I think her pulse and her temperature are the same as they were yesterday morning. Oh, yes, by the way—there is someone in the cabin of the launch who has seen her since I have."

Mrs. Gerlison's characteristic little trick was obvious. As he leaped aboard the launch he concluded that he could not tell Margaret of what had come between them over night at this time and in this place. He forgot everything except the girl

whose lips met his when he assisted her up the step from the little cabin of the launch.

"So this is your battle-ship?" She looked at the *Avispa* fondly.

"No, no; my fleet, dear," passing her aboard. "Mrs. Gerlison has just referred to me as Vice-Admiral. I am surprised at her ignorance. The Babe is Vice-Admiral. I am full Admiral—yes, High Admiral, with power on land and sea—only the Chinese tailor has not finished my stars. Every man of my crew there is either an armored cruiser or a battle-ship. The Spanish pilot is my scouting service of fast cruisers, while our native engineer is the torpedo flotilla. I regret to state, however, that we are to patrol the coast of Mindanao. I had hoped to chase pirates in the Sulu seas."

"The flag-ship, and more particularly the pock-marked torpedo flotilla are not things of beauty, but I am sure that they must be terrors," she said. "I hope you do get a good chance. Perhaps when we're"—and she gave the strong arm on which she was leaning a hug—"you'll get shore service in Washington for the winter."

"If work and love can do anything, yes."

He showed her over the *Avispa* and operated the guns for her as if this girl bred in the army was see-

ing—so she thought she was—six-pounders and peppery Colt's automatics for the first time. Then they talked; then they made promises as you have made them—as the Good Lord grant that you may make them one day, if you have not—until the Admiral, who had been looking with his restless sailor's eyes through his glasses at the army launch, signalled to know if anything was the matter.

After assisting Mrs. Gerlison aboard, Ballard stepped on to the launch with Margaret, kissed her, and jumped back on to the *Avispa* across the widening gulf between the two craft.

"Do be careful, dear! Do promise, dear! If anything should happen to you—there must not! There must not!"

And Mrs. Gerlison, wise in such things, was touched at the soberness and strength of real love that Margaret, a few days ago under the suspicion of being something of a flirt, showed in those passionate words which Ballard barely heard for the chugging of the engine.

As far as Mrs. Gerlison, in fear of the Quartermaster's Department, dared to permit it, the launch followed the *Avispa* on its course toward Corregidor. Ballard watched the fluttering handkerchief in its stern until, finally, even the white speck dis-

appeared. With it the light of the world went out for him. All that remained, he thought, was to clean up the ashes.

As he turned away the Babe said:

"She *is* fine! You *are* lucky!"

II

For three days and three nights the *Avispa* kept on her course in and out among the islands of the archipelago. By day the rays of the sun, fierce with heat and glare, glancing from the leaden surface of the calm sea, made a common triumph with the heat of the engine and its odor of oil over the wet undershirt stickily clinging to the white man's back. At night there was relief, but not sleep, as Ballard, lying on a mat on deck, watched the trail of rippling phosphorescence in the gun-boat's wake, or the sky, spangled with gold-dust and set with the Southern Cross.

His greatest happiness lay in writing the chronicle of each day's events in a little red leather memorandum book, whose pages he was to tear out and mail to Margaret at the first opportunity. He described at length the weaknesses and the strong points of the various members of his command. Vice-Admiral Babe, "my Hardy," was developing a fine sense of dignity and responsibility. His Spanish pilot, Rodriguez, on further acquaintance ap-

peared to have been chosen because he could speak English rather than for his knowledge of harbors. Swanson was a jewel of a boatswain. The torpedo flotilla lacked initiative and could not exceed five knots an hour.

He spoke of their marriage and their winter in Washington as a settled programme. Perhaps he was cheating her by keeping up this illusion, which was bread, meat, and wine to him. He exculpated himself with the reasoning that his deceit would not be for long. Addressed to her and not to be torn out, he had written upon the fly-leaf of the little red book the story of Belvoir's diagnosis.

On the morning of the fourth day the *Avispa* sighted the northeasterly point of the island of Mindanao, which is second to Luzon in size and least known of the archipelago. The task set for the *Avispa* was to prevent the passage of insurgents, arms, or ammunition between the northern coast of Mindanao and the Visayas. When he had steamed nearly a hundred miles without any incident except the overhauling of a *lorcha* with nothing more formidable than hemp aboard, he began to fear that such commonplaces would make the sum of his activity. He passed a number of fishing villages and three places large enough to be called towns,

finding it hard not to exceed instructions on the first day out and make a call on the third. However, he concluded that he could afford the discretion and postpone this pleasure until he was on his way back. At night he steamed slowly, barely keeping land in sight. The breaking of light disclosed just ahead the largest town that he had yet seen.

"Durinao!" exclaimed the pilot. "The people are rich in hemp, and so the insurgents are there in great force."

"Are they? We'll run in a little closer than we have elsewhere and see what Durinao is like."

Rodriguez was a man of peace.

"No, no, Capitan!" he protested. "They have rifles, five or six hundred rifles. They have cannon. Oof! They could blow our little *Avispa* to pieces."

Ballard became as light-hearted as he was when he burst into the steerage with the news of his engagement. He pointed the *Avispa's* bow on to the beach. Swanson was put in charge of the lead. The Babe sent the men to their positions and had the covers off the guns and extra ammunition in place in a twinkling. He had never been under fire. Electric needles were pricking every part of his body and crickets were singing in his ears.

"That settles it! That's *casus belli!* They're running up their flag! Break out ours!" called Ballard, his glasses to his eyes.

"But, Captain," protested the pilot, wiping his hat instead of his brow with his handkerchief in his excitement, "they have rifles! They have cannon!"

Then he saw that his suit was hopeless.

"The *Avispa* is so small," he went on, "so very small, Captain. I think that I will go below to make room for the crew to work the guns. Do I have the Captain's permission?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," replied Ballard, who by this time (the *Avispa* steaming ahead at full speed) could see that in a long trench on the beach four cannon, apparently smooth-bore, were mounted. In the intervals between them the line of earth was dotted with straw hats. In front of the hats were rifles, and under them, unquestionably, were insurgents.

"I was trained for the merchant service," the pilot added in self-defence.

Then he and all his dignity withdrew into the cramped cabin. By a nice calculation he got his head and body below the water-line. His legs were above it. If they were hit, he would not die, he re-

flected; and a wounded Rodriguez would be a great hero among his friends in the *Café Vagabundo* in Manila.

Ballard fully expected that the insurgents would open as soon as their bullets would carry to the *Avispa.* He approached to within twelve hundred yards and still the enemy was silent, apparently stayed by wonder at the intentions of this diminutive gun-boat which was dashing toward the trench as if bent upon ramming it. With his own eye glancing along the barrel of the Colt, which is as refractory as a violin unless played by an expert, Ballard passed the word to the six-pounder, the three-pounder and the two one-pounders that a thousand yards was the range, at the same time as an order to Swanson who was at the helm. As the *Avispa* swung broadside on to the trench the guns and the Colt spoke in chorus.

With fingers on their triggers, the manikins were ready to make reply. Themselves under cover, they had for their target an object thirty feet over all and eight feet beam. They were sure that the scrap-iron from their smooth-bores ought to cut the enemy into mincemeat, if it hit him, and to scare him into submission if it did not. As the volley whistled by there came from the subcon-

sciousness of Swanson, who was strictly attentive to his duties, this remark:

"Shooting windmills at us, b'shee!"

Most of the bullets along with the scrap-iron had passed overhead. For those which had splattered against the hull or sung close to the deck it was only to be said that they hit no one. In any action of a trained service there are men who are, and men who are not, hit. The men who are not hit are so many automatons who go on with their work until their gun is smashed, their ammunition is out or they are told to cease firing. In three seconds every gun had discharged another missile, while the Colt was kicking up a succession of little bursts of dust back and forth along the top of the trench with the purring constancy of a nice old lady who has settled down to an afternoon's knitting. The six-pounder, whose first shot had been wide, rectified its error with the second.

If there had been a white officer and white men in the trench, the officer might have ripped out an oath before his men showed themselves and fired with accuracy until every member of the *Avispa's* crew was dead or wounded or she had raised the white flag. But it takes stomach for that, even if it does not to fire upon the back of a khaki blouse

from the cover of bamboo; and the manikins have not the stomach and are given to routine oaths and not to oaths in emergencies or to being gentle to women and embarrassed if you praise their deeds.

They returned the *Avispa's* fire with the poor aim of the man who holds his rifle over his head in fear. Then a white shirt attached to a stick appeared above the line of the trench, and the guns of the *Avispa* were silent. After the shirt came cautiously a hand, then a head and finally a body, until, at length, two manikins started from the shore in a *banca*, still waving the emblem of truce. One of them sat in the stern. He was a Filipino lieutenant, who wore three or four yards of Spanish gold braid. The other paddled in the leisurely manner of a diplomatic mission. He was the lieutenant's orderly. The lieutenant bore himself grandly as he stepped aboard the gun-boat.

"My General, who is also the Presidente of the town," he said, "has sent me to inquire why you fired on us."

"If the Presidente has anything to say," was the reply, which made the lieutenant believe that Ballard was really a man of some importance, "let him come to me in person. Otherwise, I shall begin

firing again as soon as I have allowed you reasonable time to return to your trench."

"But his rank will not permit the General to come out to the commander of the little gun-boat," said the lieutenant, playing the part in which the half-breeds excel.

"Very well. Tell your Presidente that I am a High Admiral, the commander of the fleet. Moreover, I have the range for shrapnel now to a T and can drop them in on you like that"—and Ballard made a downward gesture to illustrate the movement of the particles of a shell. "You might add, too, with my compliments and my best wishes for his health, that we shall probably catch him in person with the first burst."

"I thank you. I think the Presidente will condescend to come."

There was something closely approaching reverence in the lieutenant's bow. He was surprised. He had heard that the Americans were not at all a polite or a clever people.

While the *banca* was returning to shore the idea which had been growing in Ballard's mind realized form and maturity. It was nothing less than to take and occupy the town. In this difficult task there was certainly enough diversion to drown

thoughts of the pounding of his heart or of death on a hospital cot. He announced it to Rodriguez, who now emerged from the companionway as tentatively as the shirt had been raised over the trench.

"Oh, Señor, oh, Capitan! No, no! That is impossible. There are armed insurgents in the interior, hundreds of armed insurgents! Oof! The garrison! How would you garrison it?"

"With the crews of my fleet," was the reply. "You can handle a rifle, too."

"Ah, no! As I told you, I was trained for the merchant service."

Rodriguez sat down on the cover of the companionway to think.

The Presidente lost no time, when Ballard's ultimatum was called to him as soon as the *banca* grounded on the beach, in joining his aide. He was a fat half-breed, as most Presidentes are. He wore two diamond rings and a heavy gold watch chain, with three sovereigns and two Napoleons for charms, and bore himself with grandly injured dignity.

"Señor Capitan," he said, "though we did not fire on you, though we had no arrangement to fight, you fired on us."

"And you didn't consider that fair?" Ballard asked. "We ought to have set a day and made it a function, eh?"

"Yes, in all politeness. Is it not usual? And you ran too close—as close as if you were a friend. An enemy would not. It is too close for fair fighting."

"Well, we fired on you because you were flying the flag of an armed enemy in the territory of the United States. That is our way. Now, how many rifles have you in your garrison of Durinao?"

"Five hundred!" The Presidente threw out his chest.

"Five hundred! Think of getting five hundred rifles, Babe! But, no fear! He hasn't that many. Then, Señor Presidente, I shall expect you to surrender five hundred rifles to me within the hour."

"Surely you jest," said the Presidente. "We have not the five hundred in the trench. We have great reinforcements in the interior. We can kill all your crew and defend ourselves forever."

"Indeed. Those big houses in the square, yonder, are they yours?"

"One is."

"Very good. If you don't surrender we shall blow your house to pieces."

The Presidente was disillusioned, not to say shocked, by Ballard's candor. Apparently these Americans were not the kind of men described in the letters from the Hong-Kong and Paris Juntas. America, he had understood, was a far distant land. The inhabitants, he had understood, were a cowardly, half-savage people, who had nothing of the manners or the civilization of such *mestizo* Spaniards as himself. But in America there was this wonder which explained everything; namely, a great mountain range of gold, the same being called pork in their low tongue, that yielded wealth to all who would chip it off and carry it away. Therefore, it was the delight of the Americans to buy things and think well of themselves. The Spaniards, who were eminently the superior of the Americans in mind and cunning, finding the Philippines unprofitable because of the agitation and belligerency of the rebels, had allowed the Americans to whip them in order that they might sell the Philippines to the foolish victors for many millions.

Si, and this was not the whole story of the Americans' guilelessness. You might lie behind a bush and shoot at them and they would only take away the rifle hot from your hand and let you go with a

warning not to do so again—as if warnings counted for anything! *Si*, a Filipino General in Luzon, when he was tired of fighting, surrendered; and the American Governor in Manila was so afraid of the Filipino General that he let him go free in the streets to plan uprisings. *Si*, and the American Governor, who was so kind and so foolish that he would not allow drivers to beat their horses, had established a thing called Municipal Councils, which allowed the common natives who go in and out of the bamboo as much say in government as the half-breeds; and in consequence of this the half-breeds were at some pains to explain to the common natives that the Governor did this to enslave them. *Si*, and there was a thing called Congress, in America, which had many members who thought that it was a mistake to cut pieces out of the mountain of gold to send abroad, because they foresaw that in this way the mountain would not last forever. *Si*, these were the allies of rebellion—so very foolish were the Americans. All this, with the news of many Filipino victories, came to Mindanao in various ways. Indeed, at first sight of the *Avispa* the Presidente had encouraged his followers with the idea that the Americans, driven out of Luzon, had come to Mindanao for refuge.

"But so civilized a nation as America does not fire on women and children," said the Presidente, in an excess of politeness.

"You should not build trenches in front of your women and children. We will give you time to get them out of the way. And now, as a matter of fact, you don't care anything about women and children. You wouldn't give up your gold watch and chain to save the lives of a thousand. You extort from them, you deceive them in order that you may do well. You are a clever man, eh, Señor Presidente?"

"Thank you," said the Presidente, thinking that now he had matters on a practical basis. "Yes, I am a clever man and you are a rich people. You give me fifty thousand pesos and I surrender: twenty thousand pesos a year, let me 'squeeze' the people and I will keep order in the province."

"We don't do things in that way," was the reply. "I confess I do not like to destroy property or fire on women and children, for I am sure you wouldn't warn them. Oh, I know you half-breeds very well!"

Ballard hesitated a moment, considering from many points of view the suicidal plan which had flashed through his mind.

"I have a proposition," he said, "which will save the women and children and prevent the killing of your soldiers. You will bring your men out of the trench on to the beach. I will stand here on the deck by the six-pounder quite exposed and alone. They are to fire at me for five minutes. If they don't hit me then, they are to surrender their rifles. If they do hit me, the *Avispa* will sail away and leave you in undisputed possession of the town. Meanwhile, you will remain here as hostage under cover. I will wave my handkerchief as a signal for your men to begin firing, and discharge a shell when the five minutes are up."

The Presidente fiddled with his watch-chain. He mistrusted his own ears. Ballard repeated what he had said.

"It is sure death, Señor Capitan. We have the Mausers with the magazines. We can shoot thousands of bullets," was the reply.

"Be it so. I will show you how helpless it is for you to fight the Americans. You cannot hit me."

A light burst upon the Presidente. Now it was explained why the Ensign was so different from the Americans of his conception. The Ensign was mad. And the Presidente consented to the arrangement in grandiloquent terms which included

admiration for Ballard's courage and the hope that he would have a magnificent funeral. For, whatever the moral defects of Presidentes, you see, they have a fine command of polite language.

"Finally," said Ballard, as the aide-de-camp of the Presidente was stepping into the *banca* to go ashore to inform the manikins of the part they were to play, "if I am not hit, and your men attempt to run back to the trench, not half of them will reach it and none will get out of it alive."

Rodriguez, who had overheard the conversation, was too flustered for words. The Babe, who had been aft, when Ballard announced his intentions as if they were merely orders of the day, did not stop to consider that the commanding officer's plans were none of his business. Already the *banca* was half way to the shore.

"I won't stand by and see you murdered!" he cried. "Of course they'll hit you. In five minutes they can easily fire two thousand rounds. You might as well try to dodge snowflakes. Call that boat back, or I will."

"Babe, I'm going to do it, and there's an end of the matter. The crew will be in no danger. And, Babe, wouldn't you go through with it if you had gone as far as I have?"

"I wouldn't have started."

"Well, I have started."

"And Margaret?" Babe asked.

"And Margaret?" Ballard repeated.

He steadied himself by placing his hand on the barrel of the six-pounder. For the moment he had the illusion of many years of love and happiness before him. Then he rallied himself for funking a speedy death, the best of the inevitable. He told the Babe to give Margaret his note-book. Then he turned to the provision of safety for those around him.

Rodriguez had just issued a fiat to the Presidente that there was not room for two in the cabin. Either Ballard's assurance that bullets could not penetrate the plates of the hull, or their own fright, sent them below. He then bade the crew to see that every gun was charged with a shell, ready for an emergency. By the time that this was done the lieutenant had landed, and was leading the insurgents out of the trench down to the beach.

With the guns swung around so that no bullets could enter the muzzles, the crew doggedly, at Ballard's command, cleared decks for action in a fashion unprecedented in the American navy. They had merely to tread water or buoy themselves

with their hands on the gunwale, in order to have two thicknesses of steel between them and the enemy. Though included in the order, Babe remained on deck. His underlip was quivering a little. He did not propose to take cover when his superior officer remained standing; and he told Ballard so.

"You mean to disobey orders?" Ballard asked.

"Yes. It is justifiable under the circumstances."

"Then I'll have to throw you overboard."

"If you try that I'll clinch and take you with me."

Babe drew himself up a little—for he lacked four inches of Ballard's height—to show that he was equal to the task.

"You can't, Babe, and you know that you can't. I'll only hold you on board, give the signal, and the target for our friends on the beach will be so much the larger. They'll shoot at us both, and both will be in line of the scattering bullets. My only chance is that every man jack will aim directly at me. Do you want my death on your hands? Do you want the *Avispa* to be without a commissioned officer? Come! They are ready. It isn't polite to keep them waiting. Let's have the suspense over! I order you overboard!"

"Well, if they kill you, all I've got to say is, that

I'll chuck the Presidente in and let him swim for it. I'll run in close and I'll hammer those Gugus as long as I've a shot left."

"No, you won't," called Ballard after him. "You'll keep my promise and sail away. Say that you will."

He received a dogged nod in reply and turned toward the shore.

The insurgents had taken greedy advantage of their privilege. Fully a hundred figures were at the very water's edge, each at a knee-rest. The Presidente's aide-de-camp stood at one end of the line, coaching his men. There was only a ripple on the stretch of a thousand yards of water which separated them from their target. Ballard's white uniform stood out clearly against the background of sea and sky.

He took out his watch, and, unconsciously throwing one leg a little in front of the other, at ease, he waved his handkerchief. There was a sound along the shore as of the ripping of a lathe in two. The crew behind the hull heard the bullets glancing on the water, popping in the air, zipping close to their ears, tearing through the smoke-stack, ringing against the barrels of the guns, spatting against the plates of the hull, in a storm of distinct sounds.

In the second's silence that followed, nine heads appeared above the gunwale, nine pairs of eyes expecting to see Ballard prostrate. He was still standing in his careless position.

The insurgents hesitated a moment, scouting the authority of their own vision. Then they began firing rapidly at will, with the desperation of one who feels that he is hopelessly lungeing his sword through a phantom. Most of them, in their increasing excitement, sent their bullets wider and wider of the mark. But not all. A few were settling down to careful aim, judging, with the fine instinct that goes with it, whether or not the last shot went too far to the right or the left, too high or too low.

When the second-hand had wrenched its way around to the fourth minute, Ballard realized that upon them depended his fate. The deck was splintered at his feet. The hisses in his ears became more frequent. With the fifth minute he found himself straining as if he were in shackles. He felt the full swing of the natural passion to return blow for blow. Something stung his knuckles and brought the blood. There came a z-s-s-p-p and a rush of air so close to his cheek that he involuntarily threw his head to one side. The bullet

which he had foolishly tried to dodge was a good friend, for one close following it passed through his collar when otherwise it would have gone through his neck. And then the shoulder of his blouse was clipped, the crown of his cap was cut, while the hissing grew more and more savage, until the second-hand pointed to the end of the allotted time and he swung the six-pounder around and discharged the shell which had been agreed upon as a signal.

With its hurtle through the air the firing from the beach ceased. He was alive because he had been the bull's-eye of the target. As his little command came dripping on to the deck, he was enjoying the elation of having overcome an obstacle, the keener foretaste of interesting events to come. He grasped Babe's wet hands in his.

"We've taken a town and a hundred rifles with a crew of eight. You'll be Presidente and I'll be Governor of the province."

He was prevented from dragging Babe into a war dance, first, by the attitude of Babe himself, and then by that of the crew, whose joy and relief were so deep that they were in a solemn mood of wonder and thanksgiving for his deliverance. And then Rodriguez and the Presidente, the crumpled

state of their garb plainly telling that self-preservation may be too awkward to be justly called an art, appeared from the cabin.

"There! You see I was as good as my word, as I always shall be," Ballard said to the Presidente.

"You possess some charm—an *anting-anting*," he replied, affably.

After the *Avispa* had been run alongside the few weather-beaten boards and stringers which had served as a landing-stage before insurrection closed the port, and the crew had taken possession of the rifles and organized the prisoners into columns of fours to march them to the plaza, Ballard wrote a brief official report of the taking of the town and then a longer one for Margaret, without mentioning in either of them its one distinguishing feature.

"Babe, I'll keep the Colt," he said. "You and the engineer are to take the *Avispa* to Cebu and return as fast as you can drive her. I am going to hold the town until this message which you will cable to the Admiral brings help. I shall expect you back in four days. We may need you before that. Eight is not a large garrison."

"Nine, if you please," said the pilot, who had been silent all this time. "I was trained for the

merchant service, but I will follow you and your charm anywhere now."

"Nine, then. Thank you, Rodriguez. And, Babe, please don't mention that I made myself a target. It sounds too theatrical."

III

When the Admiral had read Ballard's cablegram, which was brought to him with his coffee on the after-deck, he called his barge and started straightway for Manila in a state of pride and joyful anticipation. Here was a great "rise" on the General, and he wanted to see how the General would take it.

"I thought that this might interest you," he said, as he laid the message on the desk of the Patient and Well-Abused One. "One of my young men has captured as many rifles as your whole corps has taken in a month."

"More of your mischief! More trouble for me," said the General. "The insurgents have a thousand Mausers in the Province of Durinao."

"Well, did you expect a boy with an oyster-shell and a crew of eight, just because he was in the navy, to get the whole thousand?"

"No. I expect the navy to patrol the coast, not to tie up to the shore. If your ensigns want to enlist in the army, our recruiting office is open. I

hadn't intended to put a single garrison in Northern Mindanao till next year or to touch Durinao till I could put ashore a regiment or at least a battalion. I won't send a man, not a man! I can't spare one. It's as easy for you to get out as it was to get in."

"Very good. I'll cable home to the Department that the navy having taken the place, we've got to pull the flag down because you won't occupy it!"

"Well?"

"Well!"

Father Walrus and Father Bear looked hard at each other. They had fought in a war that lasted through more than one summer. The giving and the receiving of hard knocks was wine to the menu of their routine work. Whenever they met they wiped off their slates with an exchange of amenities which were purely a family matter, not at all for publication. You must not think, however, that each did not have a high regard for the other as a "good one" who stood up for his Service.

"Well?" repeated the Walrus.

"Oh, I suppose that I'll have to pull you out of your scrape. But you must help yourself a little. If you'll detach fifteen or twenty marines from some of your ships around Cebu and send them

down on the *Avispa*, I'll despatch the *Idaho* (a transport) in a week with a battalion."

The Admiral agreed to this; and he was conscious of having spent a delightful morning.

Meanwhile, Ballard had had quite enough excitement to keep his mind off his malady. In disarming the prisoners and marching them up the avenue, overhung with thick foliage of mango-trees, which led to the square, Rodriguez and Swanson acted as masters of ceremonies. It would be superfluous to mention that Swanson bore himself proudly. His pride, however, could not approach that of the portly Rodriguez, who had all the attributes of his everyday grandeur as a basis to swell upon.

When Ballard had dismissed the manikins with a warning to go and sin no more, he sent Rodriguez on a hunt for information among the natives. Then came the problem of quarters for his men and of storage for the captured rifles. He turned toward a building, occupying one side of the plaza, which was ridiculously large for the size of the town.

"That, I suppose, is the *Presidencia*," he said to the Presidente, whom he had kept at his elbow.

"No. Pardon, the *Presidencia* is there."

"Then what is this grand house?" Ballard asked. "Perhaps it will make even better quarters for the men."

"Ah, as you will, Señor Capitan," was the reply. "It is a private residence. I fear, Capitan, I fear that it is not suitable. We will enter and you shall see for yourself. You know best, Señor."

Ballard was, indeed, little prepared for what followed. In answer to the Presidente's knock, a Moro, wearing a red turban and an ivory-handled *kris* thrust in his sash of yellow silk, admitted them into a hall which was of the usual bare type of houses of Spaniards or well-to-do Filipinos. He led them up the stairs, where he drew back a hanging for them to enter the main apartment which was in darkness. There they waited a moment while he pushed back the big sliding shutters.

As the aggressive tropical light burst in, Ballard involuntarily started in surprise. Nor did his swift first impression prepare him for the details of luxurious furnishings of a room whose dimensions were at least forty by sixty. He was attracted by a grand piano strewn with music, and then by a dozen antique Chinese and Japanese vases standing in the corners and by the doorways which were screened by hangings of mandarin silk. The floor

was of slabs of polished Molave, two feet in breadth. On the broad arm of the long chair beside the centre-table was a little paper-knife of mother-of-pearl, such as women use; and on the foot of the chair was an open book, with the back up, as if to keep the place where the reader had left off when called away. Ballard picked it up. It was "Madame Chrysanthème." One of the two books on the table was "The Seven Seas," the other a dictionary of Spanish and English. The education and catholicity of taste thus suggested were even more surprising than the furnishings.

"Who reads French and English?" he asked, keen with curiosity.

"Oh, Señorita Varkoff, of course," was the reply.

"Who owns the house?"

"Señorita Varkoff, now that her father is dead!"

"Where is she?"

"In the country, I believe, Señor Capitan."

"When did she go?"

"I cannot say. I think she went when she saw your gun-boat coming."

"Then she is an insurrecto?"

"Her brother is. As for her, she is a woman, Señor Capitan—such a woman! Such a woman!"

While he was asking these questions Ballard had been looking at the paintings on the walls. Some bore French names with which he was familiar; others Spanish names with which he was unfamiliar. One in particular attracted his attention. The scene was laid, clearly enough, in the tropics. It represented a great bungalow, surrounded by palms, on a rampart by the sea.

"*La Nidada*, the Varkoff country-place, about fifteen miles out, painted by the Señorita herself," the Presidente explained.

"Painting! French! English! Where did she learn?"

"In Europe, in Paris," said the Presidente, as if the two were much the same thing. "They went to Japan, often. They have a house in the hills there, too. She was in Europe four years."

"Why wouldn't he go back? Why did he come to Mindanao?" Ballard demanded.

The Presidente shrugged his shoulders. *Si*, he shrugged them twice, smiling with the second shrug, which meant that there was mystery but not all was mystery.

"The father, half Russian, half Spaniard, came here with money—oh, many years ago. He married a Filipino lady—a beautiful devil of a woman,

Señor Capitan! He came for a reason. What reason? Only one man ever asked him. That was the Spanish Governor. In a month after he had asked he was recalled to Spain. Then Señor Varkoff became ruler of Mindanao by appointment from the crown, as he was already in fact. He owned two-thirds of the hemp grown here; he had gold mines in the interior, worked and guarded by his own men. He owned sugar plantations in Negros and pearl fisheries in the Sulus. Millions of *pesos!* millions!"

Ballard followed the Presidente through many equally well-furnished chambers and back again to the broad veranda at the rear of the house. At this hour it was screened by heavy mattings, but it was easy to see how cool and pleasant it would be in the evening or the late afternoon, when the sun was still fierce upon the plaza, to recline here looking out over a setting-sun-lit or a moon-lit sea.

"No. I will not disturb this," Ballard remarked, finally.

So the rifles were tied in lots of four and piled in the *Presidencia.* The Presidente was told that he might go to his residence, while Ballard prepared to occupy a room in the *Presidencia* and his men arranged their kits in the others. This was no

sooner accomplished than the pilot appeared, fairly oozing information from his perspiring pores.

"I can make you very happy," he said, with the sweeping gesture of a cook who in person places his masterpiece upon the table. "I have news that we shall be attacked before the day is over. The insurgents outside know by runners by this time that we have taken the town."

To Ballard the prospect was now serious. It involved a great risk to his men, for which, in that he had exceeded the spirit of his instructions, he held himself directly responsible. He gave the pilot no time for further words, but sent him (with the flag which Swanson was about to raise) to the church tower to report if the enemy was yet in sight. Two jackies were told to bring back the Presidente. The rest were set to carrying the rifles and supplies into the plaza; for, whatever scheme of defence he might devise, it was plain that he could not make a stand in the *Presidencia*, whose walls were no thicker than those of a dry-goods box. The Presidente, fleeing from his own house, was detained by a shot over his head. He came before Ballard, carrying, in one trembling hand, a red cotton handkerchief full of jewelry and trinkets, and in the other, an ornate onyx clock of German make.

"Ah, Señor Capitan," he said, "it was most fortunate that your men did not hit me, for now I can explain. I was only in chase of a thieving servant."

"And these things in your hands?"

"Why, Señor Capitan, I caught the servant and had not yet returned to the house when you honored me with your message."

"Well, you may remain here under our protection and answer—answer honestly, mind—any questions I ask you; or you may go your way."

"My friends will be so worried. I think I will return to them."

"Very well."

Then, having learned already that the most striking of a white man's peculiarities is the honor of his spoken word, he asked if he might leave his valuables with the Ensign. Ballard nodded.

"I will come for them when we have done fighting," he said.

He laid them at Ballard's feet and ran out of the square.

By this time Rodriguez called from the church tower that no enemy was in sight.

"But they'll come! I know they'll come," he added.

The Presidente's action assured this, Ballard thought.

A Spanish force under such circumstances would have taken to the church, as a matter of course. A vigorous young people, however, instinctively assumes the offensive. Ballard's first idea was to go out to meet the insurgents. But more than one road ran from Durinao into the interior. If he put four men out as points he had a reserve force of four. Without firing a shot, the enemy could easily surround him and finish him leisurely.

His next plan was to fall back upon a finger of beach which was fortified by the sea on three sides. He could mount the Colt in an embrasure of sandbags, and he could build an earthwork from shore to shore. Thus his men would be under cover and have a clear field for their fire upon the only side by which the enemy could advance to the attack. With the captured Mausers arranged in stationary positions, ten rifles to each man, his crew could open up with volleys before settling down to accurate fire with their own pieces. However, this—and here he faltered as one who feels himself tempted by sentiment—was putting himself wholly on the defensive; giving up the town entirely and

pulling down the flag which now floated over the tower.

His decision was cast for him by a shout from Rodriguez, who announced the approach of a column of insurgents about two miles distant. There was, then, no time to go to the beach. He told the men to carry their arms and supplies into the church. Then he ran around the great pile of stone which was to be his fort. Connected with the church in the rear was a monastery, lighted entirely from the roof, except for numerous loopholes ten feet above the ground and too narrow to admit of the passage of a man's body. The wooden veranda where the friars sat in the cool of the evening was only a counterfeit of peace and hospitality; for the single great door was of heavy hard wood, iron barred. A storming party must enter by the door of the church itself. Returning to this, he called to the pilot for the latest news.

"They are on both roads now, and spreading out," was the reply. "The inhabitants are in the long grass expecting a combat."

Inside the auditorium he saw shrines and images once ornamented with silver and draped with silk, stripped by the natives, whose glebe had bought them, now become sceptics and vandals. They had

smashed the stained glass in places, allowing streams of pure daylight to fall upon the stone floor side by side with the tints in contorted shadows. He passed on back of the altar, where a small door, through a thick wall, led into the monastery. Here, apparently, the priests had lived among beautiful surroundings if not in luxury. Furniture was smashed, paintings of the saints were torn in strips and thrown on the floor.

Then, satisfied that he could be attacked by the door alone, with his own hands he assisted the jackies in building a barricade in front of it. They were hastened in their labor by the occasional calls of Rodriguez that the enemy, which he estimated at four hundred, was slowly creeping in. Before dusk, the last stone needed had been wrenched from the floor and was in position.

Ballard feared an attack by night more than one by day. He himself kept watch. There was a scattering fire until midnight and then silence until an hour before dawn, when from the windows, the roofs and the corners of the houses, except the Señorita's, and from all sides of the plaza burst flashes of rifle fire, while bullets went whistling through the open door and spat against the wall. Ballard called to the men, who awakened with as if

start and sprang to their feet, not to expose themselves in getting to their positions and to keep down until he gave the word.

"Let them come! They bark before they bite! If they weren't fools they would rush us in the silence with the bayonet. Let them come! They are hungry! We will feed them with lead!"

It was the big voice of the same portly figure that had hidden in the hold of the *Avispa* which spoke. Rodriguez had stepped back three centuries. The spirit of the *Café Vagabundo* had passed out of him. In its place had come the spirit of the ancestors who had landed upon unknown shores with the same fearlessness that they set out upon unknown seas in vessels far more frail than those which now hug well-charted harbors in a coastwise trade.

If some of the insurgents gathered under the eaves on either side of the door, prepared to pour in at close quarters where numbers count, as soon as the rifles of the others had opened the way, Ballard knew that he could not hold them back. Had they? He must know. In the face of the fire which lighted the plaza, he jumped upon the barricade, peered to right and left, and fell back without o[illegible]ving been hit and with his worst fears dispelled. strip[illegible]answering shot to the continuing fusillade came them, [illegible]

from the church. Ballard knelt behind his beloved Colt, which was in the centre of the barricade. On his right were Boatswain Swanson and a jacky; on his left, two jackies—all with bayonets fixed. Rodriguez and the rest of the crew were in the gallery above, which ran all the way around the interior of the church, their rifles resting in the loopholes which the friars had designed for the specific need now at hand.

Thus they waited, until, upon the sound of the bugle, the firing stopped. Then they rose to the task which they knew was before them. From the cover of the houses on all sides of the square broke a swarm of figures, indistinct in the moonlight. In no danger of being hit, the problem was, whether or not Ballard and his men could turn the flood of humanity before it broke into the door and overwhelmed them. Not one of the manikins had to run over two hundred yards; some only a hundred. Ballard let the Colt play to the limit of the risk of jamming it. Many of the figures were falling. Many kept on. Within twenty, within ten yards they approached, until five or six in the van, with a score directly behind them, were in the doorway. One leaped upon the barricade. Swanson's bayonet swung him over on to the floor in a half circle as if

he were on a spit. The second met the same fate. Ballard was conscious only that others were mounting on either side of him. The Colt alone continued firing. It must not stop, for it was the thread upon which hung their lives. From side to side he swung it as it breathed flashes into the darkness in quick gasps. Those who were charging heard no cries of triumph from inside the church, or, indeed, the scuffle of hand-to-hand conflict. Upon the point of winning, they gave up the fight and ran to the cover of the walls of the church.

Swanson, except for a slash in the cheek, was quite whole. His first care, when resistance was over, was to disarm the Filipinos who were still alive. Two of the jackies were badly cut, but said that with patching they could handle a rifle "all right, all right." One of them, who had run away from the farm to the sea, remarked:

"That was like mowing away hay in the far corner of the loft when the forkfuls are coming too fast."

From the balcony the big voice called down:

"We know how, don't we?"

Dawn showed forty or fifty dead and groaning wounded in the square. There were fifteen in the

church. Ballard, with the instinct of the Service, felt that he had taken part in a butchery, not in a fight. Shortly after dawn two insurgents crept fearfully out to one of the wounded who lay near the *Presidencia.* When they had moved him without being fired on, they went after another. Ballard jumped upon the barricade and called to them to go on. In the course of the forenoon they carried away all their wounded, leaving on the field a score of motionless figures who had dashed forward with the certainty of triumph over an enemy who had not even returned their fire, only to be mowed down remorselessly by the invention of a man in a shop in the North Temperate zone. During the afternoon these and the dead in the church were carried away, white men and brown men working in silence at the task.

Rodriguez was unusually quiet. He sat with his head in his hands much of the time. Asked if he was ill, he replied that he was not, but that he was making a resolution. When, toward evening, he went to Ballard, it was apparent that he had to relieve his mind of a weighty decision.

"I love Spain," he began with a sigh. "I love my own Catalonia even better. But—oof! They talk too much. They talk against the Govern-

ment; the Government talks back. They all shout the politique in the cafés and build rotten ships. You say d—n the politique; let's look to the ships! I have found it so easy to do things that—yes, as much as I love Catalonia—I am going to be an American citizen."

And thus another of one of the old peoples became one of the young, vigorous people.

So confident was Ballard that the natives would not attack again before the *Avispa* returned that he made everyone lie down for the night. He bore watch until twelve and then called a jacky to take his place. After a fitful sleep he awakened at daylight. When he stepped upon the barricade to look around he had a vision of colored turbans and sashes hugging the wall on either side of the door. He fell back just in time to escape a knife which was hurled at him by a strong and skilled hand. With a shout to awaken the sleepers, he grasped a rifle, fully expecting that in the next instant he and his little force would be engaged in their last struggle. His fears were mocked by absolute silence on the outside. Evidently the Moros were not yet ready for the onslaught and were unwittingly giving the defenders breathing space and time to formulate new measures of defence.

"These are her people," said Rodriguez, "the Señorita Varkoff's. Those we fought yesterday were residents of the seaboard, who have emigrated from the Visayas. These are natives of the interior, Mohammedans. They did not shout. They crept up softly like the savage and the wolf. They will pour in on us in a flood, and are not afraid to die. I do not want to be up in the gallery and killed like a rat in a hole. I want to be here with you and Swanson in the thick of it while it lasts."

"No. We don't propose to be massacred yet," Ballard replied. "We shall have merely to fall back on our second line of defence. With the Colt and the rifles in the rear of the gallery we can throw a spray of bullets into the doorway, while Swanson, who is a good shot, will pick off any who might get on to the stair. The more that come the more quickly will they be served."

"Of course, of course!" Rodriguez exclaimed. "Of course you would find a way! I forgot for a moment that I was no longer a Spaniard."

While the Colt was being transferred, the door was covered by rifles from the rear of the gallery. For an hour they waited, expecting every minute to see flashing knives and struggling figures bulking the doorway, and then the silence was broken by a

call from Rodriguez, who was peering through one of the loopholes into the square.

"There's somebody coming with a white flag! It's a woman! It must be the Señorita Varkoff."

Ballard hastened along the gallery and down the stairs. She reached the doorway just as he leaped upon the barricade. He had expected to see a *mestiza*, but only the trained eye of one who had lived long in the Philippines would have discerned from her face that there was native blood in her veins. Her beauty, if she were beautiful—that remained until the end a question with Ballard—had none of the languor of the full-blooded or of the half-breed Spaniard. Charm, which is so different from beauty, she possessed in every pose. She was tall and slim, yet the native gown which she wore revealed in the fine shoulders and neck the legacy of an ancestry that carried burdens on their heads. She did not make a deep courtesy of the *mestiza* kind, but nodded with the ease that is sure of itself.

"I have come to save your life," she said in English.

"That is very kind of you—if we needed your assistance."

As he stepped down from the barricade he saw

that the Moros, who had been lying under the cover, had risen and stood deferentially facing her.

"Oh. Then you think you can defend yourself?" she said, leaning forward, shading her eyes with her hand and peering into the church.

"Certainly."

"So you have your gun in the gallery," she went on. "I see! That is very clever, quite worthy of the man who made himself a target for a hundred men. And it is also brave."

"You have come here to get information about our defenses—is that your mission? If it is——"

"It is not," she replied, indignantly. "If you will step around the church where we can see the roof of the monastery you will find that I am your friend and not your enemy."

She started, expecting him to follow her. He hesitated to put himself so far in her power. Divining his thought she added, a little contemptuously:

"If you fear foul play you might cover me with your revolver."

At this he laughed and accompanied her to the road which ran in front of the *Presidencia* and past the church. There were fifty Moros upon the roof of the monastery. Even as he looked one dropped on to it from the overhanging branches of a mango

tree, more in the fashion of a monkey than of a man.

"This is why they delayed attacking!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, and to-night at the same time that they pour into the church door they will also break in the monastery door and rush down the belfry."

"We shall be ready for them," he replied.

She threw back her head with a little laugh. His assurance in the face of the inevitable pleased her.

"And now that you have shown me how strong you are, I suppose you have in view some consideration for which you will raise the siege?"

If he spoke nonchalantly, he none the less realized that the life of his crew hung upon her reply. With twenty men he might, but with eight he could conceive of no disposition by which he could hold the church until the *Avispa* returned.

"Yes, I have," she answered. "The only consideration is that you will not fire on the besiegers as they depart. Will you?"

"I will not," he replied earnestly.

She called to one of the Moros who seemed to be a chief. He listened respectfully to an argument of some length in his own tongue, and then, in turn, harangued his followers. Without order and with-

out comment, as silently as they had come, they moved out into the square and toward the country. It was hard for Ballard to believe that he was not witnessing a scene from the Arabian Nights.

"You see I didn't come to take advantage," said the Señorita. "You will find no armed men in the town now and the natives will return to their homes. Good-afternoon."

Bowing, she turned and walked toward her house, while Ballard, sauntering, in pace with his mood, to the church door, reverted to the characterization by the Presidente:

"Such a woman! Such a woman!"

IV

As the Señorita had promised, the inhabitants were soon returning to town. After a day chiefly occupied in making rules for their government and reading over the records in the *Presidencia*, Ballard wrote for two hours in his journal to Margaret about the events of the siege with all the enthusiasm of the moments when his illusion, as he had come to call it, was complete. He described the Señorita and her palace and told what he knew of her history, closing the account of the events of the morning with his conviction that she had saved the lives of himself and his garrison. For the first time since he had left Cavite he slept soundly, making up for the lost hours, recuperating from the strain of the last two days with faculties lulled by reaction, until at noon he was awakened by Swanson, who reported that the *Avispa*, accompanied by another of the mosquito fleet, was in sight.

"Well, you did drive her!" he called to the Babe, as the gun-boat, her decks crowded with marines, ran alongside the pier.

"Drove, and threatened, and coaxed, and chastised," was the reply. "In an hour after word came we had the marines off the *Memphis* which was at Cebu. The Admiral sent the *Sulu* along to bring back news to the cable about how you are getting on. There's an army transport due in a week. But here's his message."

The instructions began with: "That's right. I said not to ask questions, but to go ahead." As the marines were marched up to the plaza, Ballard had to relate to the Babe and his fellow-classman commanding the *Sulu* what had happened in the Babe's absence. They looked as interested and as sad as if they had missed the only opportunity that the navy would have for a century. After settling the marines in the *Presidencia*, Ballard wrote a message to the Admiral, which occupied about two minutes, and then a message to Margaret, which occupied a half hour, with no foreboding of what was soon to come between them.

When he had returned to the pier and had sent the *Sulu* on her way, he saw the Señorita coming down the avenue, a parasol over her shoulder. He went to meet her.

"I came to look at the *Avispa*," she said. "May I?"

She seemed almost to forget his presence in her interest in the little gun-boat.

"Those are bullet marks?" she said, pointing to the splatters above the water-line on the hull. "And those holes through the smoke-stack, they were made by bullets, too?"

"Every officer in Cebu came out in *bancas* to look at her!" exclaimed the Babe. "What they couldn't understand was how none of us was hit."

"You didn't tell?" Ballard asked.

"No, on my word I didn't. I wanted to, though. I did say that you had some bullets through your clothes and your knuckles skinned."

"And why not? Why not tell?" demanded the Señorita of Ballard, in the manner of one who is accustomed to have her questions answered.

"Oh, personal eccentricity. That's all," he replied.

She looked quickly, keenly into his eyes, her luminous black irises contracting.

"No. Because you are strong," she said impulsively. "It was fine to do what you did; finer to shrug your shoulders over it. And you stood there?" she added, pointing to the stern. Without waiting for reply she took up a position in front of the six-pounder. "Like this?" she asked.

"Yes, as I remember."

She examined the guns for each abrasion of the polish as if it were the clew to a mystery. Then she looked at the splatters on the hull and the rents in the smoke-stack again before she relieved his growing embarrassment by saying that she was ready to go. He accompanied her along the avenue, taking the opportunity to make an apology for what seemed, in the clearer view of the morning, his brusqueness on the previous day.

"I want to thank you for saving the lives of myself and my men," he said. "For now I am convinced that you really did save them."

"That is little—to use my power to prevent you from being massacred. Really, I am not all a savage. I owe you reparation for what my brother did. He sent the Moros to surround the church. He was the lieutenant who conducted the firing against you. The brute! To take such advantage! If he had only met your suggestion with one that the decision be made by a duel. No, not he! He sent his poor men against you the other morning in the square, but did he lead them? No. Yet to that you may owe your safety. I told Koto, the chief of the Moros, that. I asked him if he would fight for a leader who did not lead. The result you saw."

"I have certainly come into a strange land," he said.

"And you regard me, I suppose, as one of its strange features."

"Perhaps, if you look at the matter in one light. You seem out of keeping with it."

"Both out of keeping and in keeping with it. I am just half white. I am not so silly as to claim more."

They were now at the door of her house. He lifted his cap.

"This is the hour when we in the tropics live. You are quite welcome if you care to come in."

So he entered with her. They were admitted by the same Moro who had answered the Presidente's knock on the day of Ballard's landing. He preceded them and raised the hangings which shut out the sun from the veranda by day. When they were seated there, looking out on the sea, she said:

"You have been in the house before. You were a little surprised at its interior?"

"Yes."

"Only yes. That is good." She threw her head to one side. "You make no compliment. If you were a Spaniard——"

"If it comes to that, I might add——" he stammered in embarrassment.

"No, don't. No! You wouldn't mean it."

"Oh, yes, I should. I wondered why all these furnishings were in Mindanao; why—pardon me! I didn't come to ask questions."

"You wondered why, having money to gratify my wishes, I should not live abroad? Why I should reside in Mindanao when there is no one here whose tastes are the same? I may well wonder myself, for you are the first white man I have seen, and I have had no books and little news, since our ports were closed by your war with Spain. Why should I not regard you as something of a curiosity, then? There are times when I feel as if I were in a prison; when I long for the city, the opera, the theatre, the Champs Élysées—the white man's realm. Times when I wish I had accepted the advice of my professor of music who wanted me to become a professional. And then, how can I return alone? And if I went, then my other self would put me in prison. I should long to be back here. I should long to sit on the porch of *La Nidada*—my bungalow—in the evening, knowing that the plantations were mine; that the Moros obeyed my orders; that I had here a power which no one else can have. But my father has laid out the path for me! My father!"

She hesitated a moment. Ballard's intense interest, perhaps, spurred her on to tell the story which had never been related before in Mindanao. The writer reports it, though it may be a diversion from the main current of the tale, because it throws light on the character of Maria Varkoff and the white outcasts who sojourn in the Far East for reasons that they hold secret.

"My father," she repeated, "not he, but his father, who married out of his race, was to blame. My grandfather was an attaché at the Russian Legation in Madrid when he married a Spanish woman, an opera singer. It is from her, yes, and from my Filipino mother, too, that I get my love of music. She did not live with him long after her two children were born. At thirty-five my father, a graduate of medicine, was still a student and a brawler. I say that he was this at thirty-five, because then came the passion and the event which changed everything for him. He fell in love, and for him to fall in love, naturally, was to brook no opposition. His rival for the lady's hand was a Prince of great influence. If he had been the Czar himself my father would have challenged him. They met, and the Prince was killed. Then my father went to the lady, as if he had rid her of a

nuisance, expecting his reward. He found that she loved the Prince and not him. She told him that there was only one thing he could do to please her and that was to kill himself. If he wished, she would furnish him with a pistol. You open your eyes incredulously, Captain. It sounds lurid, but you are an American. You live in a world where men carry their feelings in their hearts and muffle their hearts' beatings with the commonplaces of their tongues. She was a Russian.

"Then my father laughed at her. He seized her by the wrists and led her to a window where the light was strong, so that he could look into her face. He told her that if she thought that he loved her she was a great fool. His farewell message was to gloat over the misery he had brought her. Thus he could fly from one extreme of passion to another as a woman would."

"Why a woman?" Ballard asked.

"Well, isn't it as a woman would do? A man, if he finds that his affection is misplaced, usually sighs and slowly forgets. A woman refuses to think that she has loved at all and then always remembers."

"Perhaps as some women would do," he said, keen upon the continuance of her story, while he

thought, in the practical way of the Service, that the mess, with a little all-round hazing, might have made a man of her father.

"You think him absurd, ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

"I am afraid I do."

"I think him ridiculous and terrible and masterful," she continued. "But he was my father. I can no more be separated from him than I can change the color of my eyes.

"My grandfather was face to face with the ruin of his position and the loss of his influence. He saved my father from punishment for the crime of murder by having him sent to Siberia. In their last meeting he said to my father:

"'You will be sent to Siberia for life. But you will find it easy to escape. At Shanghai you will find a hundred thousand roubles awaiting you. That is all you will ever receive from me, the last that you will ever hear from me. In Russia you have ceased to exist. May your long tramp cool your head and make you realize what a mad fool you have been.'

"That sounds like fiction. I wish it were fiction and not all as real to me as it was to him. When he reached Shanghai the hundred thousand roubles

were there as his father had promised. For two years more he travelled back and forth, spending his money cautiously, until he knew the East from Bombay to Yokohama as well as a white man may know it. Then, still shifting for an occupation to his taste, not caring if he never found one, knowing, as he did, that life is easily ended when it has no ties to earth except its own, he met one day at Singapore some Spanish officers who were on their way to the Philippines with recruits in a trooper. He joined them. He arrived in Manila to find that the Governor-General was sending out one of the many expeditions for pacifying the Moros of Mindanao. You know the farce of those expeditions. You know how the Spanish soldiers died like flies of fever on their advance into the interior and upon their retreat, while the Governor-General wrote despatches to his Government which made him received as a conqueror by the silly populace of Madrid. It was generous of him to leave Mindanao as he found it, so that his successors for generations to come could win glory by reconquering it.

"My father was fascinated with Mindanao from the first. He was amazed, he said, to find anywhere in the world so large an island so little explored. A

hundred years ago Luzon was better known than Mindanao is to-day if I exclude my father's knowledge—for he went everywhere in his litter. While Borneo and Java were exploited, no one ever heard of Mindanao. The Moros came to admire him, first for his courage and his success as a fighter. Then he learned their tongue. He became the great chief of all the dattos. He turned the jungle into a garden, and when he died he left all his plantations to me, nothing to my brother.

"He paid little attention to my brother from the first. I accompanied him on his different journeys. He taught me how to swim, to shoot, to ride, and all that I learned out of books before I went to Europe. On that journey he accompanied me as far as Colombo. He would not go through the Canal. There we waited for two months. Just as I was ready to start he would find it so hard to leave me that he would postpone my departure until the next week. Finally, on the day that a steamer was sailing for Singapore and Manila, I found a note from him saying that he was hurrying aboard it, for he knew that to say farewell would only mean that he would detain me longer. He could not wait for news from me by post, so I used to cable to him once a week. He met me at Colombo upon my return. His first question was:

"'Which do you prefer, to be ruled in Paris or to rule in Mindanao?'

"I don't know why, but I said, 'Rule in Mindanao.' He seemed to be pleased.

"When the insurrection broke out in Cuba and shortly after the rebels in Luzon took heart again and began to make headway, he would walk up and down the veranda of the bungalow and say:

"'If I were twenty years younger I'd not sit and wait, just to protect my property. I'd join the insurrectionists. We could drive the Spaniards out. I would become ruler—yes, dictator of the whole archipelago. Yes, and I would hold my place and the independence of the islands. I tell you this, Maria, but not your brother. He might tattle it to the ends of the world.'

"Even then my father was so old that he was prostrated if he burst into a tirade or into a fit of rage. When he heard that your country had made war on Spain, he said that the islands would be yours. I can hear him now as he cried: 'American pigs! Spanish fools!'"

During the narrative Ballard sometimes found himself looking at her face to make sure that it was only a girl who was expressing thoughts showing such mature comprehension of the world. He now interrupted her.

"Your property will be protected as thoroughly as if it were my own. A part of our own countrymen once rebelled. We did not confiscate their property. We welcomed them back to the councils of the State."

"Ah, that was within your own race. Lions do not prey upon their own kind, though they may fight among themselves. And my brother? If you capture him, what will be his punishment?"

"We will release him on parole."

"Oh, no. You only say that. You are the one man in a hundred. You yourself perhaps would keep your word, but not your Government. I know! I know!"

"We have been keeping our word in Luzon for over a year. Scores of generals, colonels, and what not of the Filipino army are going freely about the streets. You read English. Perhaps you have been in England. You must have heard of the Anglo-Saxon way."

"Yes," she replied. "Once I was in England. I was ill with pneumonia—oh, so ill! I lived to get out of London because I could not bear to die there. It was all as they said in Paris—foggy, sooty, chilly; never the light of the sun! Then, do I not know it? The French, if they were in your

place, would they not take our estates for their own spoils—they, the conquerors? And the English! Are they not worse? Are they not seizing the whole world? And the Americans! Are they not still worse? You are so white, so cold, so correct! You cannot be bribed as the Spaniards could. You just seize and hold!"

"Then, at least, we are honest."

"Yes, my father said that. He said: 'The Americans are a dry people who say what they think through their noses. It is easy to deceive them once, but you cannot deceive them many times. When they find you out nothing will buy back their favor—they are so stiff, unsmiling, and dour. Be candid with their governor! Tell him all, my Maria!'

"Such a man was my father. Such is my position. I belong neither to Europe nor to Mindanao, and yet to both. I look into white faces and say: 'You are not mine!' Into brown faces and say: 'You are not mine!' I look into the mirror and say: 'You alone are mine!' Sometimes I—" she was kneading her slender fingers together in a little frenzy of agony—"sometimes I talk too much," she added, and flew to the piano.

With the first notes under her skilful touch Bal-

lard gave that start of pleasure and surprise of a music-lover who has expected to hear strumming and instead hears playing. He had heard no good music since he came to the Philippines a year before, and he drew his chair into a position where he could watch the wonderful play of emotions in her face in keeping with those which she brought from the instrument. She played for an hour or more—neither could have told how long—as if for her own satisfaction, as if quite unconscious of his presence, until the sun had set and its last glow of light was being quickly dissipated over the sea by darkness. When she stopped, such was her fatigue that she leaned one hand upon the piano to support herself.

"You like music, don't you?" she exclaimed.

"Passionately," he replied, as he rose to go.

"I knew that you did as soon as I struck a few notes. If you hadn't I should not have played on. It's the first time I've had anyone sympathetic to play to since my father's death. The afternoons when he listened made me forget his brutalities to his people. Should you care to come again, I will play for you again."

In the succeeding days before the arrival of the transport, when he was not occupied with work, which required really only a little of his time, Bal-

lard was at the Señorita's house. Upon the second evening he dined there quite alone with her, at a table with fine linen and Japanese china, and a noiseless Visayan as their attendant. As he reasoned, she and her piano had appeared as a godsend, when diversion had become vital to him, to relieve the irksomeness of garrison duties which his sailor's nature found more wearing than an uneventful cruise.

Her charm grew upon him. In his journal for Margaret he ceased to mention her and spoke of nothing relating to her except his hope of getting an insurgent leader to surrender his arms.

Yet he did not realize that he had at all been treading upon dangerous ground when, one evening, he found her in a Parisian gown whose lines became her supple figure far better than the native *camisa* or the Japanese *kimona* which she usually wore. She recognized his pleasurable surprise.

"I thought I would dress as a foreigner for the foreigner," she said, clasping her hands, stretching her arms, and dropping her head archly to one side.

"You could waltz in that!" he exclaimed. "Can't you waltz—waltz as the French do, as we do, not in the little nickety steps of the Filipinos?"

"Yes."

"But we have no one to play the piano," he said.

She replied by whistling adeptly the first bars of a Strauss "Siren," and with the next moment they were skimming over the hard-wood floor. They kept on and on, back and forth, in the delight of absolute harmony of step and feeling. He never lifted his eyes from hers until, as they came to the limit of their endurance, in his infatuation he seized her in his arms and kissed her. She screamed and struck him in the face with her clinched fist.

"It is always that way with you white men!" she cried, and dashed out of the room.

Ballard pulled back the hanging, still trembling from her angry touch, and saw her on a divan, her head buried in the cushions, sobbing, he thought. He realized the pain and mortification to her of the construction she had put upon his act.

"I didn't mean—I didn't do it out of—I did it because—I apologize. I am a brute," he said.

She made no reply, and he left the house.

He did not write in his journal that night. He looked at the photograph of Margaret which held the place of honor in his room; he thought of what had just passed, and he was very much at a loss what to make of himself except that he had been foolish and heartless. And he was still in utter

"It is always that way with you white men," she cried.

confusion of mind the next morning, when, to his great surprise, the Señorita appeared alone and unannounced.

"You did not expect me," she said, "and that is why I came."

Then her eyes met the eyes in the photograph and she uttered a little cry which she tried to deflect into one of amiable curiosity. She picked up the photograph and scanned it sharply.

"American?" she asked, recovering her poise.

Ballard nodded.

"You love her—love her very much?"

He made no reply. Spellbound, he watched her face which he saw in profile. Her nose was of the rare type which has the curve of that of the tiger, the leopard and others of the wildcat tribe. Its point was rising and falling with her quick breaths. The rims of the dilating nostrils were white with passion which she could not control.

"Give it to me," she demanded in answer to his silence. "I will tear it up!"

She prepared to suit the action to the word. In contrast to this savagery was the picture of one who had pledged her faith to him. Ballard snatched the photograph from her hand.

"No, you'll not," he said.

She threw back her head, laughing, while she pointed her finger mockingly at him.

"I tease you a little about your sweetheart—the sweetheart you never talked about," she said. Then she turned to another subject as if the incident was forgotten with her last word. "My carromata is below," she continued. "I am going out to my bungalow this morning. I will try to persuade my brother to surrender. I have been candid with you. If I do not see you again, I ask for your good-will in your report to your Government. I thank you for listening to my music."

He recalled how brutally he had spoken to her about the photograph. She had saved his life, and the construction which she put upon his act of the previous evening was her reward. He revolted at a parting under such circumstances. Without thinking that the transport was already due, he said:

"It is a hot, dusty ride in a carromata. I will take you in the *Avispa*. Steam is up and we can start at once."

V

ONLY Mrs. Gerlison and the General Commanding knew everything that was officially going on. The General gave his orders to the departmental heads separately, while the departmental heads related them separately and confidentially to Mrs. Gerlison. Of course, she was the first woman in Manila to hear of Ballard's exploit. Thereupon she had only one mission in mind, until, bearing the story in person, she had made Margaret proud and happy. A few days later the transportation quartermaster told her that the *Idaho* was not fitting out for Mindanao, as the local papers announced, but was to carry a battalion to Durinao. Mrs. Gerlison, who was as judicious a dispenser, as she was a talented gatherer, of news, mentioned this—as usual, where it would do the most good—to Margaret.

Then Mrs. Gerlison made a suggestion. Margaret cried joyfully in response that she'd like to, she didn't think she ought to—it seemed so forward—yes, she would, she would, she would! As a result, when the *Idaho* sailed out of the bay, her destination still—so he supposed—locked in the

Patient One's beloved casket of mysteries, a young woman and her chaperone were on board.

Just before leaving Manila Margaret received Ballard's first enclosure from his journal. At Cebu, where the *Idaho* stopped for a few hours, she received the second, with its account of the siege of the church and the part that Maria Varkoff had played in his rescue.

"If for no other reason," said Margaret, her heart full of gratitude, "I'm glad I came; for I can see the Señorita and thank her. And you don't think he's in any danger now, do you?"

"For the five hundredth time, no, not the least, dear," Mrs. Gerlison replied. "And you are the same girl who was sure two months ago that she didn't care particularly more for any one man than another?"

"Yes, of course I am. But when I did care—well, I just cared hard."

"As the Admiral says, having made up your mind to go ahead you went—that being quite in keeping with the ways of the Service."

When the *Idaho* sighted the coast of Mindanao, forty miles from Durinao, at daybreak on the same morning that Ballard and Maria had started together in the *Avispa* for the bungalow, Margaret

was reading again the many times re-read pages as a way of abating her trepidation and of hurrying by the moments. Mrs. Gerlison, herself, became a little impatient with the cautious English skipper. The transport was not Government owned, and he did not propose to lose his ship for his company.

With his glasses he made out the speck lying alongshore as a gun-boat long before the passengers. As soon as he was near enough he signalled to her to come alongside.

"It's one of the mosquitos," said the Major commanding the battalion.

"Which one? Which one?" Margaret asked breathlessly.

He could not tell. Without asking permission, Margaret rushed up to the sacred precincts of the bridge with her question.

The skipper dropped his glass and blinked several times in the sunlight.

"The *Avispa*," he replied.

"Then it's he!" she cried.

"It's who?" he asked absently, still blinking.

"Oh, just he!" replied Margaret, skurrying back to Mrs. Gerlison with her news, while the skipper passed certain comments to himself upon the ways of American army women.

She watched with straining eyes until she could make out a white uniform in the bow, and then watched the uniform until she was sure it was his. Recognizing her through his strong glasses, Ballard swung himself out from one of the awning rails and waved his cap. First she waved her own handkerchief alone, then seized Mrs. Gerlison's and waved them both. It looked as if he had come out to meet them and to escort the *Idaho* into the harbor; and, of course, there was nothing else for him to do now. Mrs. Gerlison, not Margaret (who had eyes only for one figure aboard the *Avispa*) was the first to announce the presence of Maria. The amiable chaperone little knew of the embarrassment that she was causing Ballard when she called to him that she and Margaret could not wait, but were coming aboard at once, if possible. She sought the commanding officer, who consented to the lowering of the gangway. The transfer, upon a sea of glass, was as easy as stepping from a ferryboat to shore.

"We must be very careful not to say anything about color that will offend her. She's not all white, and she must feel it terribly," Margaret said to Mrs. Gerlison as they started to descend.

Meanwhile, Maria, sitting on the side of the

Avispa away from the transport, had not risen and she had not lifted her eyes from that face which she had recognized as the original of the photograph.

"Your sweetheart, isn't she?" she remarked enigmatically, as if her composure might or might not be the calm before a storm.

"Yes," replied Ballard.

"Are you going to introduce me?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"And kiss her?"

"Yes."

"It will be very interesting," she replied, in the same enigmatical tone.

As he turned to receive his guests, she closed her eyes, forbidding herself to see what was to follow.

"You look tired, worried—oh, very tired!" Margaret exclaimed, as her hands lingered on his shoulders and her gaze searched his face for the reason. "You are not ill? It's only because you haven't had enough sleep and such hard lines?"

"It's no holiday taking a town with a crew of eight," he said; then turned and introduced her and Mrs. Gerlison to Maria, who rose gracefully and extended her hand.

"He wrote to me all about what you did," said

Margaret, feelingly. "You were so good, so brave."

"Not in the least," Maria replied. "You see a man drowning; you throw him a buoy; his life is saved. Is that brave? But, naturally, I am glad to have thrown the buoy that saved a lover and then to be thanked by his sweetheart."

There was no outward semblance of mere purring felinity in this. It was simply and girlishly spoken, in a pleasant, even a sweet, tone. She had won her way into Mrs. Gerlison's as well as Margaret's heart long before they were at the pier. In place of their stifling cabins on the transport, Maria made them at home in the cool rooms of her house. They ate tiffin and dinner there, and marvelled at her and her surroundings as much as Ballard had; while she was soft, almost apologetic, in all she did and said. She took a feminine interest in the latest fashions and in what the American women found to do in Manila. When it came to speaking of herself and her people she led the conversation again and again back to *La Nidada*, as if her house was by comparison merely a lodge that must give them an ill opinion of her hospitality.

"I should like to go out there. Isn't there some way that we can?" said Margaret.

"It is only three hours' run in the *Avispa*, if the Ensign would be so good," Maria hinted.

Mrs. Gerlison, as usual, thought that "it could be arranged." Ballard at the time was at the *Presidencia*, completing the details of turning the town over to the army. When he returned to them in the evening, Mrs. Gerlison suggested that as the transport would be held all the next day unloading supplies, they could go early in the morning and return in the evening.

He appeared to give his consent freely. As much as he disliked the idea of taking Mrs. Gerlison and Margaret into the territory of a savage enemy, he knew that Maria would regard his refusal as distrust of her hospitality. He felt that he had injured her feelings enough. The woman who, after saving his life, had opened her house to his friends, would surely be as loath to expose them to any danger as he knew she would be quick to resent his suggestion of a guard.

More and more the incident of the waltz was rasping his conscience. When he asked Margaret to walk around the square with him before retiring, he was seeking a way of freeing himself from the burden of deceit. But how could he begin? How explain while she was Maria's guest? he was asking

himself when Margaret began to talk about her hostess.

"I am completely under her charm," she said. "I pity her so. She's deserving of so much credit for being good and unselfish, for not being a fiend. I'm sure I should be if I were in her place."

"You—you would? Oh, no."

"Yes. It's so easy for me to be good with a dear father and mother and with you to love me."

"But her wealth! She doesn't need much sympathy on that score," he suggested.

"Yes, that is all she has; and it makes the black blood in her veins all the more stinging. I can see that underneath, in her heart, she suffers. And her suffering has only made her nature the sweeter. I was going to invite her to Manila for a long stay. Then I thought that some of our women would say something, perhaps without meaning it at all, which would cut her to the quick. Yes, she has her property, and you must use all your influence to have her rights protected, won't you, Ballie?"

"Certainly."

He wondered if, after all, the underlying purpose of Maria's conduct from the first had not been that of the property holder. To think so relieved him

of the idea that the kiss had led her to care for him and the unpleasant egoism associated with it.

If he could have seen her when, after attending to every want of her guests, she went to her room, he would have been of different mind. There was now no sweetness in the pathos of her emotion. She had gained her immediate object. Margaret and Ballard, the savage of her nature cried triumphantly, were going out of the white man's domain into her own, where they would be in her power. And then? She had not planned that far. Picking up a fan from her dressing-table, she slowly ripped apart the paper separating the ribs. She snapped the thin strips of bamboo into tiny pieces, until there was nothing left which she could break between her fingers. Then she laughed hysterically at the pile of débris and threw herself upon her bed.

She awakened Margaret and Mrs. Gerlison in person, apologizing for that introductory discomfort which is necessary in the Philippines, if you would not travel in the heat of the day. Before dawn the party had breakfasted and were aboard the *Avispa*, which rounded the little peninsula that is the natural breakwater for the harbor as the sun burst upon its first, its true love, the massy, wine-dark tropical sea. What a coast-line is that which

stretched before them, as rugged in places where titanic masses of rock rise perpendicularly, overshadowing great depths, as it is soft in others, where broad stretches of white sand are the gleaming borders of sweeps of foliage—a fair consort to waters as deadly calm in halcyon weather as they are terrible in the typhoon!

For the first eight miles there was neither habitation nor any sign of life. Then they came to the dividing line between the wilderness and the realm of the pioneer. The villages on the beach and the groves of cocoa-nut bearing palms were a part of one great plantation stretching to the gardens of *La Nidada* itself, a one-story building covering such an area as to suggest an exposition hall. A stream of some size and apparently of great swiftness entered the sea near it.

"We will land on this side of the river," said Maria. "There is no pier on the other, and it is also too steep, as you see. I will act as pilot, if you don't mind."

As the *Avispa* was made fast to the small staging which stood within sound of a rushing of waters, the guests were a little surprised to see bearers ready with five chairs.

"It is better to be carried than to climb," Maria

explained. "We have no telegraph in Mindanao, but we have many fleet legs. I sent a runner out last night to have everything made ready for you."

They were borne up a path to the river, where a rope stretched across from bank to bank with a *banca* attached to it made a primitive ferry. For two hundred feet below it the water eddied in a basin and then went roaring in a cataract through a canyon.

"If the rope should ever break when you were taking your guests across they'd be pretty badly cut up when you recovered them," the Babe remarked.

"There is no danger," Maria replied. "We've never had an accident. It was my father's idea building the bungalow here. It is not easily approached, you see. He said that it impressed the Spaniards as well as the natives. Then he used to laugh and say that if he ever found the Spanish Governor difficult of persuasion he might stop the *banca* in midstream to argue the point."

First the Babe and Mrs. Gerlison and then Margaret, Maria, and Ballard passed over, a sturdy Moro pulling the *banca* along hand over hand on the rope.

"Then my father had another object," said Maria. "We get the benefit of all the breeze going up here. As for the sun"—she nodded toward the ladders leaning against the eaves and the coolies who were throwing water upon the roofing of many layers of nipa leaves—"he said that he would show the Spaniards how easy it is to keep cool in the tropics."

And he had, indeed, solved the problem of living comfortably instead of merely existing, or of drinking to excess, to drive by the time between vacations in a temperate climate.

The house was a series of great rooms enclosing a court with a portico on the inside of the tier and a veranda around the outside. The veranda was hung with wet, loosely woven native mats, and the court, with a skeleton roof of bamboo poles, was also covered with them during the day. Within, the air was as solacing as the shady side of the house at home at four o'clock in the afternoon of an August day.

Their tiffin was such as a friend can give you at the Hong-Kong Club if he wishes you a very, very happy voyage. Afterward they lounged, half asleep, half awake, in the post-prandial fashion of the tropics. Maria brought Mrs. Gerlison her

father's collection of exquisite old Japanese carvings of ivory, which completely occupied her attention. Then while the men smoked, she led Margaret away to see the garden in the court.

"You must be very happy to be with your lover," she said, after a time.

"Gloriously happy! And then to have a day like this, which we have you to thank for."

"What would you do if you found that he loved another?"

Margaret started at the possibility that the question brought to her mind and then replied, with a woman's show of tartness and independence:

"Give him up."

"What if he had kissed another woman, passionately, and made love to her?"

"I should dismiss him."

"Perhaps he has."

"I know that he has not!" Her natural indignation, which she had kept under, now got the better of her desire to be patient out of deference to the customs of Maria's world, which she realized were different to hers. "Why do you ask these questions?"

The rims of Maria's nostrils were as white, her breath was coming and going as quickly, as on the

day when she held Margaret's photograph in her hand. She was of a sudden a new being to Margaret, who found herself both disliking and fearing her, and wishing, for some intuitive reason which she could not explain, that she had not come to *La Nidada.*

Maria, seemingly on the point of an outburst, was still able to control her passion.

"Forgive me, if I tried to tease you," she said, leading the way into the room where the men were just finishing their cigars.

She went to the piano, proposing that Margaret and Ballard should dance. The strains of a waltz floated through the room, and Ballard offered his arm to Margaret, who welcomed the diversion from thoughts of the scene in the court.

After a few measures Maria arose.

"It's your turn now to play," she said to Margaret. "I've laid a Strauss 'Siren' on the rack—my favorite."

Mrs. Gerlison observed with surprise the freedom with which she put her hand on Ballard's shoulder, the abandon with which she threw herself into the movement. But she explained to herself that it was not immodesty, as she thought of the girl's upbringing without restraint.

"Whew! She moves on air!" exclaimed the Babe.

Then there flashed through Mrs. Gerlison's mind the revelation that Maria loved the man that she was dancing with; that something had passed between them.

"Have they been together much? Has she become fond of him?" she asked the Babe.

"No, not at all. She's bothered him a good deal about her property."

Babe was telling a single big white lie bluntly as the best way of avoiding a train of little ones to support one another. Mrs. Gerlison recognized that he was.

Maria's face was close to Ballard's, her head thrown back, her eyes half closed yet looking with concentrated force into his. He realized that she was putting him to the test of the evening of Durinao; he could not help feeling the intoxication of the rhythm of her spirit with his.

"Do I dance well?" she whispered, drawing herself a little closer.

At this moment Mrs. Gerlison crossed the room to the piano, "positively with fear already in my heart," as she afterward said.

"Come, stop playing, dear," she whispered.

Margaret lifted her fingers from the keys and turned around on the stool to see that Ballard was leading Maria to a chair. This time he had not succumbed to temptation. Yet Maria was not convinced against her wish. She was trembling, exhausted. The savage whispered to her to use her power for all that it was worth; to call her Moros, who, at a word, would flock into the room with their knives and enforce her will, whatever it was.

Then Mrs. Gerlison, at her side, said:

"You danced too hard; you are fatigued."

"A little, perhaps," she replied. "You see I don't have the privilege often. I can't waltz with my servants."

"I think that we must be going. We shall be back scarcely before dark, as it is," Mrs. Gerlison added. "Will you accompany us?"

"Yes, I want to see you safely in Durinao and say good-by there, if you will let me."

And Mrs. Gerlison, who knew that it was Ballard of whom Maria was thinking, expressed her pleasure, of course.

Maria begged that each would accept one of the Japanese ivories as a souvenir of the visit. She asked them to wait until a servant should have picked bouquets from the court.

As they passed down the path to the river she dropped behind for a few words with the Moro boatman in his own tongue.

Mrs. Gerlison and the Babe were taken over first. When the *banca* returned to make the second trip, Margaret was given her old place in the bow and Maria seated herself by Ballard in the stern.

"The roaring of the water down there fairly makes me shiver," Margaret remarked. "I confess I have strong prejudices in favor of a bridge."

"Yes," said Maria. "You see, I have become used to it. Indeed, I have been so near Death so many times that I am fond, as Mr. Ballard is, of looking in his face and keeping him mockingly at arms' length."

They were now almost half way over. Maria called their attention to the crest of spray where the swift-flowing water banked up between the great rocks that flanked the canyon.

"The natives call it the mane of the white pony that has never been broken to ride," she said.

Then they heard the ping of the parting of the rope, and the *banca* was suddenly overturned.

As he rose to the surface, Ballard found Maria at his side, her eyes pleading for help. In his glance she had the final, definite answer that she had

sought. He struck out for Margaret, who was in the middle of the current, with the Moro just behind, swimming easily and yet offering her no assistance. On Ballard's approach he swam toward Maria.

"Put your hand on my shoulders!" Ballard said, drawing Margaret toward him.

She obeyed, coolly and implicitly. With all his great strength, Ballard made for the eddy on the bungalow side where the stream narrowed. If given another second, or if unencumbered, he would have reached this haven. He saw that he could not, but he kept on with no less determination toward the shore. They passed into the cataract. He saw a projecting sliver of rock, threw up his left hand, and gripped it. As they swung around Margaret let go of his blouse. But her body was in such a position that he was able to catch her about the waist, postponing death for the little while that his strength should last.

The Babe, as soon as he saw what had happened, plunged in. A much weaker swimmer than Ballard, the current lodged him, stunned and fainting, in a crotch of rock on the side from which he had started.

Maria and the Moro (who had been appointed to

save Margaret if Ballard did not go to her), knowing the stream, had easily reached the eddy. She ran up over the rocks until she could see the position of Ballard and Margaret.

Ballard tried to draw himself up to his support in vain. He might have succeeded if he could have used both hands, but he would not consider the risk of Margaret's being parted from him. This, Maria, peering over the edge of a flat rock, unseen by them, understood. She turned away.

"Dear," said Ballard, "I've been a great cad, a funk. I was mad for a moment. I kissed that woman! I hated myself afterward. I hate myself now. Please forgive me."

"You do not surprise me after what she told me in the garden. I do forgive, I do! And, Ballie, it won't be so hard to go—to go down there if you hold me very tight."

She was happy as she looked into his face, tender in expression, having now the character that comes with years, and felt the rigid muscles of his arm around her.

"Not yet. We'll do our best. We'll make a good fight—together!"

The roar of the torrent was becoming a hum in his ears when he received a new impulse upon hear-

ing voices and calls. Maria, her head now buried in cushions at *La Nidada*, as she gave the word for their rescue, had added to herself:

"I am very good for me—for *me*—for *me!*"

With agile hands the natives fastened ropes around the couple and brought them to the bank. Margaret was able to stand. Ballard lay gasping on the grass.

"In my journal—Margaret—you——"

He made an effort to put his hand into the inside pocket of his blouse. The strain of the fight he had made with the current had opened wider the lesion. His heart collapsed.

As Margaret looked into his dead face she knew that he belonged to her.

THE ROMANCE OF PRIVATE SAUNDERS

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MRS. WAINDEERING knew little of any Service except the diplomatic, and not much of that as yet. Even if she had been familiar with the ways of the army, this spoiled young woman, who had brought wealth as well as her beauty to a First Secretary, would not have felt herself bound by them when she was away from the Legation on a holiday. Therefore, her conduct concerning Private Saunders was in keeping with her reputation.

Upon her arrival at Nagasaki (en route from Yokohama to Shanghai, where she was to be the guest of the Barkers, of the Chinese Customs, for the races) she found that a school friend, Miss Berkeley, with her parents, General and Mrs. Berkeley, were on board the transport *Hancock*, which was coaling at Manila. She cabled at once to the Barkers that she would arrive by the *Coptic*, sailing three days after the *Empress of Japan*, and made her husband bundle their baggage off the *Empress* to

the hotel, while he deprecated the proceeding in the manner of a second-class power which knows that its protest is purely formal.

"You're invited to waltz with me, hubby," she said, "and there's an end of it."

To white womankind in Nagasaki the point of interest about any arriving transport was whether it had a band or not. If it had, then the dining-room of the hotel was cleared with a promptness which robbed the late diners of their desserts; and the Consular Body, American wives waiting for news of husbands serving by land and sea, and whatever navy and army officers happened to be in port, danced until after midnight.

The ball for which the band of the *Hancock* furnished music would have passed off without any striking incident provided that Mrs. Waindeering had not recognized a familiar face in that of a tall, fine-looking private on shore leave from the transport as she was passing along the Bund. It is known that after he had responded to her greeting, which seemed to embarrass him a good deal, she exclaimed:

"You poor boy!"

Beyond this it is only necessary to state that no sooner were the words spoken than a little laugh

rippled from her lips in token of what her husband playfully called one of her "ecstatic impulses to combat the monotony of existence." Considering her way of carrying men and events with her, it was hopeless for the private to call up the unwritten rule against his dancing on the same floor with his officers. The freedom of her plan from anything really scandalous to the civilian mind was fully guaranteed by the fact that Mr. Waindeering himself was so far —and no farther—made a party to it as to furnish Saunders with a dinner-jacket for the occasion.

Miss Berkeley dined at the hotel, the *vis-à-vis* of Saunders at the Waindeerings' table, while General and Mrs. Berkeley dined at the Consul's—an arrangement of Mrs. Waindeering's with method in it. During dinner Miss Berkeley frequently asked herself where she had met this Mr. Saunders before. If she did not recognize him as one of the thousand men in khaki who had come on the transport from San Francisco, it is not surprising that none of the officers in the dining-room did. They, no more than she, were looking for privates in evening dress at the hotel table. As Saunders and Miss Berkeley, raptly chatting, passed out on the broad veranda for coffee, Mrs. Waindeering pinched her husband's arm and nodded toward them triumphantly.

"Won't it be lovely if we can keep it secret all through the evening?" she exclaimed. "If we do, I shall never be able to resist telling Mrs. Berkeley about it in the morning, just to hear her talk."

"I don't mind saying that I think you are going a little too far," said Waindeering.

"Edward, once I thought you had a sense of romance—*once*, I say, Edward," she replied, slapping his shoulder with her fan.

If Miss Berkeley had not danced two waltzes running with Mr. Saunders perhaps Mrs. Waindeering's highest hopes for her plan might have been fulfilled. Simply one waltz would not have so intensified the regimental adjutant's interest in the civilian as to associate his name and face with a name and face on the transport. When he had satisfied himself after a moment's close scrutiny, he went to the General and his wife with the great news.

"Of course, Charles, you will send him out of the room at once," said Mrs. Berkeley.

"Yes, I think I had better. It's a bad precedent. But let it be done quietly, so as to avoid a scene."

The Adjutant, who was sealed up in his shop for life the day that he was admitted to West Point, reported the orders to Saunders, who spoke his little "Yes, sir," and saluted smilingly.

Mrs. Waindeering, her cheeks flushed with anger, threw back her head, up-lifting a small square chin which was the outpost of a will quite the equal of an adjutant's.

"Is there any regulation of the army against a private on leave attending an informal dance at the Nagasaki Hotel?" she asked.

"It is not customary! It is impossible!" replied the Adjutant, who actually had his heels together.

"Then there is no regulation! Private Saunders is my guest and is going to remain."

Before the Adjutant could express his astonishment at such insubordination, Saunders himself interposed.

"No, no. Please, no, Mrs. Waindeering," he said. "It would be worse taste for me to remain than it was to come."

Mrs. Waindeering's perception was as quick as it was sympathetic.

"Yes, yes," she said, "you are right. I brought you here under protest, and I appreciate how you feel."

The Adjutant bowed and returned to the General with the strides of the parade ground.

There remained for Saunders to say good-night to Miss Berkeley and leave the room. If he had

known that the girl was so charming, he said to himself, he would not have consented to Mrs. Waindeering's ruse. He concluded to tell her about the trick he had played before she heard it from others. And he held to his determination while he was crossing the room; held to it until he looked into her eyes, when the improvisation of being called away suddenly by a cablegram quite inexplicably and unexpectedly took its place as an excuse for going.

Mr. Waindeering sat on his bed while Saunders returned to the garb of the ranks. He tried in vain to draw the private's story, which Mrs. Waindeering had refused to tell him except in tantalizing generalities. When they came down-stairs Saunders stopped at the desk to write what he had been unable to say.

"Mrs. Waindeering will explain the deceit I practised," he told Miss Berkeley. "The least I can do is to offer apologies for conduct of which I am heartily ashamed. The blame lies entirely with me —and with Mr. Waindeering's dinner-jacket."

This, he thought, would relieve both women of any embarrassment.

As he left the hotel with the strains of a waltz following him and before him the twinkling lights of the scores of small boats and the steady gleam

of the lights of the ships at anchor, he recalled other days, when finely gowned women, dinners and dances were as much a part of his routine of life as lining up on deck with his company for rations.

"Two years and ten months more of it!" he remarked, as he stepped into a *sampan*. "I made the bargain and I'll see it out. But I don't want any more experiences like to-night's. They make it too hard."

The next morning, shortly before the *Hancock* sailed, he received a note from Mrs. Waindeering. It was such a note as woman can write when she is thoroughly in earnest in taking anyone's part—particularly a man's. Incidentally, she asked him to write to her, and inclosed a letter to her friend, Mrs. Gerlison, in Manila. He was at first a little disappointed at getting no answer from Miss Berkeley, and then promptly told himself that, considering the circumstances, he should not be.

As for Miss Berkeley, as soon as she had received his note she had shown it to Mrs. Waindeering, who promptly said:

"Nancy, he's fibbing for our sakes. I'm the author of the whole plot. When I met the poor boy in the street and recognized him, I thought I would

give him one happy evening. He protested. I insisted, and so——"

"Then he has a story! Tell me all about it, do!"

"I promised him upon my word of honor that I wouldn't."

"Please, just to me. I'll never repeat it. It must be very interesting. Is—is it very terrible—or—or very wicked? Anyway, you'll say that much."

"No, it's not *very* terrible, or *very* wicked."

Having learned all she could, Nancy remarked, finally, that it was certainly extremely interesting to have such a man as a private in the regiment.

As you will readily understand, it was not at all because she wanted to talk with Private Saunders, not at all because she was tantalized with curiosity to get his story herself, but entirely because it is not within the ways of the Service for a general's daughter to write to privates that she determined to answer his note orally on board the *Hancock*. This seemed easy enough in theory, but in practice was difficult, as a girl reared in the army ought to have known. Compared to the Chinese wall between rank and file on a transport, the barrier between first and second class on an Atlantic liner is merely an imaginary parallel separating zones.

Saunders was one of a thousand privates on the main deck. To see him Nancy must either go down the ladder and single out one of the thousand for conversation, or else he must ascend the ladder while she met him at its head in the presence of rank as well as file. In the afternoon, when the men were brought on the upper deck, which afforded more room for their exercises, there was no exchange of recognition, though he looked fairly into her face as he went through the setting-up drill. And he hated the experience when a second lieutenant told him to do the most undignified and difficult of all the movements alone so that the others of his company might see it done properly.

Therefore it passed that the Sixteenth went into camp on the plaza of the Luneta in Manila to recuperate from the voyage preparatory to going into the field, and the Berkeleys went to the hotel without Nancy having acknowledged the private's apology. Mrs. Gerlison and the Berkeleys were old and firm friends; and Nancy, after telling of all that had happened since they last met, found it convenient to relate her experience with Private Saunders to the great keeper of army secrets.

" Mrs. Waindeering wrote that she had sent him

a letter of introduction to me and told him to call," said Mrs. Gerlison. "Now that you have surrounded the young man with mystery I am very much interested. I shouldn't mind quizzing him, myself."

Nancy saw Mrs. Gerlison every evening on the Luneta, if not during the day at her house. When a week had passed without Private Saunders having called on Mrs. Gerlison, both conspirators were beginning to lose hope.

"I think he's embarrassed and afraid he might meet some officer if he came," was Nancy's explanation. "I shall have to write to him after all, though it isn't exactly the thing. But I must not let him think that I didn't appreciate his apology."

"Of course," Mrs. Gerlison replied. "I'll just drop him a note saying that I can introduce him as newspaper correspondent or a clerk. That will explain the absence of shoulder-straps. And I'll apologize for you, my dear, when he comes."

"Thank you, thank you very much, Mrs. Gerlison," a little dubiously.

It happened, however, that Nancy was at Mrs. Gerlison's the next afternoon when a reply to the note came. It read:

My dear Mrs. Gerlison:

Thank you. But I think I'd better not.

With all politeness and all respect,

John Saunders,

Private, 16th U. S. Infantry.

"Isn't he delightful! And awfully disappointing," said Nancy, passing from an exclamation of joy to a pout in a twinkling.

"Very," said Mrs. Gerlison. "And also very independent to receive my kindly suggestion in that way."

"I don't think so at all."

"You don't?" asked Mrs. Gerlison, in feigned surprise.

"No, not a bit. I'm astonished that you of all women can't see through it. It's so beautifully put. In just those few words he says how tired he is of associating with those horrid men, how he longs to come, but how he realizes that he might embarrass you and others."

"You seem to read his innermost thoughts, my dear."

Miss Berkeley's face became crimson.

"That remark is quite uncalled for, Mrs. Gerlison," she said. "I pity a man of his character in

his position. I wonder that you don't. You're so cantankerous this afternoon that I'll not stay another minute."

"Well, any way it doesn't matter much," Mrs. Gerlison added at the door. "I suppose you've heard that the Sixteenth is going out on the line to-morrow."

"No! Are they?" (In great surprise.) "Where?" (Attempted nonchalance.)

"To Bulacan."

"That isn't as far as Mindanao or Jolo!" (In unconcealed delight.)

"No," Mrs. Gerlison called after her, as she hurried down the path in confusion. "No, it isn't as far as Mindanao or Jolo."

"I drew her wickedly," Mrs. Gerlison said to herself as she sought the ease of her long cane chair, "and if I don't praise him as a Roland who has won her heart she may be falling in love with him by the proxy of contrariness without knowing him at all. But that *was* a clever letter. I'm immensely interested in Private Saunders myself."

However, Nancy concluded, upon thinking it over, that for the purpose of satisfying her curiosity by getting Saunders's story, Bulacan was not only as far away as Mindanao or Jolo, but as far as Ber-

muda or Martinique. Privates, wherever they are in the field, do not get leave to come into Manila.

But events moved rapidly, and surprises were as numerous as casualties in those days. The Sixteenth went into action almost at once, and Saunders, with a bad wound in the shoulder from a poisonous Remington bullet, was sent into town on a stretcher and thence to Hospital Number 1. His captain mentioned him for conspicuous coolness under trying circumstances. This was a great honor, considering that in our regular service courage is a matter of course rather than of comment. As the story was told, Saunders's squad was fired on from ambush. Four of them were hit, including Saunders. He kept his head and rallied the others while, under his direction, they held off the enemy until help came.

Nancy waited for nearly five hours after she heard the news before she went to Mrs. Gerlison brimming over with solicitude about the hard lot of enlisted men in hospitals. Mrs. Gerlison was in the same state of mind.

Saunders's expressions of gratitude for their call were purely within the limitations of the ranks and yet forbade approaches to the vital subject of his story. After they had sent him jellies and custards

and magazines, they tried collectively and individually to bring him to the point, only to be led away from it with more adroitness than they had led up to it, which fully accounted for the remark of so clever a woman as Mrs. Gerlison, that Saunders was a remarkable private, indeed. It may be added, for reasons of state, that he was more generous with Nancy than with her. Once Nancy got this far, only to wonder afterward how she had dared to:

"Your story—of course I don't ask you to tell it—but it—is it—we're all so interested, you see—I mean, is it terrible?"

"Not so *very*, Miss Berkeley," he replied, soberly.

"That's precisely what Mrs. Waindeering said."

"And shows I am consistent," he added.

The story of the ball at Nagasaki had travelled to Manila. Joining it to Nancy's frequent calls at Hospital Number 1 (to the exclusion, it was observed, of Hospitals Numbers 2 and 3), with the warp of exaggeration, the gossips wove a fabric of romance which clothed the pair in an *entente* highly amusing to the Service, which had a saying that "Mrs. General" Berkeley would never allow her daughter to marry anything less than a field marshal.

Though abstractly a truthful girl, Nancy saved herself trouble by not telling her mother of her visits to the hospital. The Adjutant, who was now on the General's staff, pondered much over the matter. He had a weighty rather than a lucid mind, which was always absorbed with the necessity of doing his duty, without any proper conception of what duty was except as he read it in the Orders of the Day. In the language of the Service, he was irredeemably a "duffer." And being a "duffer," he was bound to decide after painful debates with himself that he owed it to the General to give Mrs. Berkeley a hint—a very little hint—of what was going on. He did not foresee that a very little hint would mean a stern matronly demand for full and explicit details.

Mrs. Berkeley thanked the Adjutant. She called him a high-minded young man, when he left her in a state of humiliation and torment, which she had to endure for an hour before her daughter returned (as it happened from a visit to the hospital) to be met at the door by an outburst of pent-up indignation. Nancy took the wind out of her mother's sails by promptly admitting the charges with a merry toss of the head.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Berkeley, finally, "we

shall see when your father comes. Yes, we shall see. You may go to your room."

"Certainly I shall, Mamma dear," was the happy reply, "as I want to wash a little dust off before tiffin."

It was of good omen for Nancy that her father had come straight from a few minutes at the club, where he had had something with ice in it which tasted very much to his Georgia-trained palate like those of fragrant memory at home. And then Nancy, blooming and fresh, met him at the door with a kiss which she followed with a smiling: "Real mint, too, wasn't it, Daddy?"

As her mother proceeded at length with the scandal which had befallen the house of Berkeley, Nancy mixed her father's white wine and Tansan in just the right proportion and smiled at him trustingly. As the General was in a hurry to return to his preparations for his expedition to the island of Marinduque, it is not surprising that he failed to be properly indignant.

"Why not?" he asked. "I think it very proper for Nancy to do anything she can to help the poor fellows in the hospitals. In fact, it's her duty as a daughter of the Service."

"But can't you see," demanded the exasperated

wife, "that it's one private, this man Saunders? Maybe he's a bank robber, or a forger, or what not!"

"Nancy," the General asked, "do you go to see only one private?"

"No. I have given jellies to twenty if to one."

"Circumstantial, always. That's right. You inherit it from me. Are you falling in love with this one?" The General chuckled over his question.

"Preposterous! Of course I'm not!"

And Nancy meant what she said, at the time.

"*Reductio ad absurdum*," the General concluded, laughing at his wife. "You see how groundless are your fears. I think it is ridiculous not to trust our daughter to keep from getting moony over privates with strange histories. But who told you all this, Mother?"

"The ever-useful Adjutant," interposed Nancy.

"He did, eh! What business was it of his?"

"Official, sir-r," said Nancy, making a mock salute.

"That goes to support my later observations that that young man is a duffer. I don't want him on my staff any longer. I'll send him back to his regiment."

Mrs. Berkeley had learned from experience that

when her husband was in a certain mood her point could be gained in the end only by saying nothing at the time. She determined that she would wait and watch in martyrlike humility.

As Nancy found that she could not leave the house unaccompanied, she concluded to forego her visits to the hospital until her mother should forget her vigil and relapse again into the afternoon naps which she was now demonstratively denying herself. In fact, Nancy's determination to get the private's story from his own lips was stronger than ever, and she was as yet conscious of no other interest in him.

Saunders missed her calls more than he cared to say to Mrs. Gerlison, but not more than Mrs. Gerlison implied from the manner in which he took in any remarks she made about Nancy. Indeed, Mrs. Gerlison was becoming worried lest Nancy's and her own foolishness had prepared fresh miseries for one who must have, on his part, quite all he ought to bear. She was even pondering on a plan of campaign for getting Nancy out of his mind.

The time came when he was well enough to join the pale company of convalescents from fever and wounds who go out on the Luneta at seven in the evening, when the sun partly atones for the

tyranny of the long, galling day by sinking into the bay with a glory of coloring that surpasses any conception of dwellers in temperate zones. To Saunders the gay parade of carriages with officers and their wives up and down the Malecon brought home to him, even more bitterly than before, how completely he was separated from the world to which he was accustomed. He did not join the other sick men who sit in chairs or walk up and down by the band-stand, but, regardless of his weakness, crossed the driveway to the long stretch of hard, sandy beach. Here he recognized a familiar figure bending over the antics of a fox terrier. When the terrier started to investigate the passer-by, Nancy looked up into Saunders's eyes.

"I left the carriage to give Biff and, incidentally, myself, a little exercise," she said. "Oh, I am so glad to see that you are well enough to be out!"

"Thank you," he replied. "Were you going this way?" forgetting completely his position and the resolution he had made after his experience at the ball.

As to what passed between them as they walked up and down the beach, oblivious of the stares of passing officers, while the growing darkness made them unrecognizable from the drive, our only infor-

mation comes from Nancy's own report to her father and mother, who had waited for her long after the band ceased playing and until theirs was the only carriage remaining on the Luneta. She came to them with the light step and the cheery confidence of youth in the full measure of a new-born happiness.

"It took some time for us to understand each other," she said, simply.

"Who? Understand who?" from her mother.

"Mr. Saunders and I—Private Saunders and I, of course."

Mrs. Berkeley was not the woman to faint. She listened all but speechlessly to her daughter's narrative, while the General silently stroked his mustache, as he always did in a crisis.

"He asked me if I loved him. He said he wouldn't tell me his story until I answered. I told him yes, though I admit that I thought—and I hate myself for it—I might backslide if the story was bad."

"Was it bad?" from her father.

"Not *very*. That's what he told me to say, and that's just it, and I'm not to tell his story to anyone. I wouldn't have told you we were engaged only he said I was to let you and Mrs. Gerlison

know that much, and you were not to let it go any farther."

"It won't!" from father and mother together.

"Yes, Jack said he was sure it wouldn't." She laughed lightly, then added, more seriously: "We walked up and down as he told me the story, forgetting all about the time. How well he talked! And we parted with an understanding which will endure forever. Though we didn't even kiss."

"I should hope not!" devoutly from her mother.

"But we shall some time, many times, Mamma. We were too earnest for that. We just pressed each other's hands. We understood. The contract was sealed."

The weight of the calamity was such as not to permit of its verbal consideration in an open carriage. The father and mother discussed it far into the night in their room, while their daughter slept peacefully, as confident as a corps with a division in the reserve which is forcing the enemy from his position. The parental plan had complete separation of the couple as a first premise. And thus Nancy stole their thunder after the greeting at the breakfast-table:

"I suppose you are going to have Jack trans-

ferred to the Fifteenth in Southern Mindanao, Father?"

"Precisely," was the reply.

"Jack said he thought that was what you would do. And, Daddy dear, we are not such poor tacticians as not to be prepared to meet routine emergencies. If you do transfer him I shall publicly announce our engagement. Then I shall ask Mrs. Gerlison to take me in. Jack can——"

"Jack!" A shudder from Mrs. Berkeley.

"To be dignified, I should say that Mr. Saunders can let me have his pay, and I can earn more. As you know, Mother, there is a great demand for a milliner—a good milliner—in Manila. And with the influence of Father's name to help me I'm sure I could get on."

This ultimatum put altogether a new aspect on affairs. Mrs. Berkeley followed the General to his carriage, where they had a whispered consultation, while Nancy leisurely sipped her coffee, broke her roll into tiny mouthfuls, and smiled both at her own thoughts and at the situation. Finally, the General told his wife that they had best let the matter stand until tiffin. Departing with the intention of going straight to head-quarters, his pursuit of the vital subject of his daughter's welfare, which he

could not banish from his mind, led him to change his directions to his driver to the Calle Nozaleda. He would not have admitted even to himself that he had more confidence in Mrs. Gerlison's opinion on such matters than in his wife's or his own. She had keen ears, indeed, for the great news he bore, and did not forget that she—ever a conscientious woman—was, perhaps, in some measure responsible for this romantic outcome of Mrs. Waindeering's caprice. She cupped her chin in her hands and thought seriously, while her black eyes danced with interest.

"When it comes to us old women," she said, "it's possible; but with girls it's different. They are like the men—easier led than driven. Nancy's resolution is pretty firm already, I take it, and if you wish to make it rockbound I think that Saunders's transfer is precisely the move. As for her coming to live with me, you know that the right of hostage is sacred on the part of a neutral."

"Yes, but that doesn't tell me how to proceed."

"Oh, if it's advice, you know I never give that unless I am asked."

"That's why so many ask, possibly," said the General.

"Perhaps. Rarity means price. Well, I bid you also consider that crossing a woman's true love frequently means a life of misery for her."

How feelingly Mrs. Gerlison could speak on that subject the Service well knew, and you shall know later.

"Nancy is a good girl and a sensible girl, I think. Time will prove whether or not she loves Saunders. And, after all, this young man—I like his looks. Yes, I do like his looks, and I must say I'm not so often deceived. He may be an F. F. V. Mrs. Waindeering is. How I love that woman! What a woman she will be when she matures, while her husband is going to wither up till he creaks and rattles. Or, let us hope that, better than an F. F. V., he's a millionaire's son under discipline. At all events, if he was so bad and deceitful, why shouldn't he have kept the engagement secret and not informed you? Don't you see he could if he wanted to? Or, if he was so very wicked why shouldn't he want it generally known? His desire that it be kept within—well, within the family—shows a sense of delicacy and suggests that he is confident of the outcome. If I were you I would try to get Nancy to tell the story, and I would trust her a little more. It might be apropos, if it were not embarrassing, to say that

she has a great many of your own sterling qualities, General."

"She is *my* daughter." The General stroked his mustache, which he always did when he was extremely pleased with himself as surely as in a crisis.

"To separate them means perhaps that she will continue to love him out of contrariness when there is no sound basis for true love. To put them continually together would settle the matter permanently. That being impossible, let him return to his regiment, let them write to each other if they wish, and hold quietly to the *status quo*. I will tell a little story about some manly deed of Mr. Saunders in—well, in saving Mrs. Waindeering's life—Mrs. Waindeering being a friend of ours—and *noblesse oblige* to one who has seen better days, and so on—or a whiter fib if I can invent it—which will account for Nancy's visits to the hospital and dispose of gossip, while, of course, she can't go to Bulacan to see him. And don't you think that if he had done anything very bad it will come out before his enlistment expires?"

As he drove away, the General was almost in a mood to clap Saunders on the shoulder and call him son.

At the tiffin hour he went directly to Nancy, and,

taking her hands in his, said, in the manner of comradeship:

"Your daddy thinks only of your interests. He recognizes fully that the choice of your husband lies entirely within your department. So we'll wait and see how it all turns out. But won't you tell me Mr. Saunders's story?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I promised him not to."

"Then will you promise me not to get married till you have convinced me—not your mother—just me? And I'll not be so hard to convince!"

"I'll ask *him*," she said.

The note bearing the question to Hospital Number 1 received this reply:

"Certainly. Up to the time my enlistment expires. But not after that."

This was satisfactory to the General, and, therefore, perforce, to Mrs. Berkeley. Meanwhile, Mrs. Gerlison, who was becoming more and more an ally of the private, was going to try for a commission for Saunders. Once he had bars on his shoulders, he was anybody's social equal. The first move in her campaign, as her strained curiosity was quick to suggest, was to get Saunders's record. However,

when she spoke to him about the matter he replied that he did not care for a commission, and begged her to go no farther. This—for reasons of his own, as he said—could not but strengthen the fear that, after all, there was something in his history from which he had sought escape in the oblivion of a recruiting office.

An astonishing cablegram which fully supported this conclusion was received a few days later by head-quarters from the police of San Francisco. It read:

"Hold man enlisted Sixteenth Infantry, assumed name John Saunders, supposed embezzler. Identification photograph mailed."

Mrs. Berkeley, upon reading the copy which the General brought home, reminded him that she had always said forger, and patted her egoism with the thought that embezzler was much the same thing. Both the General and his wife were greatly relieved, for neither now had any doubt of the end of the romance. When, after a wordy introduction meant to ease the blow, the General laid the abbreviated sentences before Nancy, she was neither angry nor grieved. She smiled contemptuously.

"It's a lie! Or, if there is an embezzler in the regiment, it's not Jack."

"Then you still intend to——"

"Of course. If ever a man needs the trust of the woman he is going to marry it's when everyone else distrusts him."

Her father began to doubt his daughter's sanity. Mrs. Berkeley conceived the idea that Saunders was a hypnotist as well as a villain.

While her parents waited in misery and indecision for the arrival of the photograph, Nancy continued to face all doubts, even those of Mrs. Gerlison, with charming serenity. On the morning of the day set for his discharge from the hospital, Private Saunders was informed that he would be detained until the chief of police's letter came. He smiled by way of reply with a confidence that had a counterpart in that of a stranger of middle age who called upon Captain Leeds, the commanding officer of the hospital, that afternoon. Having first asked for Saunders, he then requested an account of how the private had behaved in action and rubbed his hands in delight as he listened.

"Yes," Leeds continued, "I took an interest in Saunders, though nobody could get a word out of him as to who he was. I confess that I felt that cablegram as a personal blow."

"What cablegram?"

Leeds explained.

"Rot! rot! That's his real name," said the visitor warmly. "I expected to find bushels of debts in 'Frisco and couldn't find one. He may be wild, but not that. Not much. It isn't in the blood."

"Then you aren't a detective?"

The visitor was about to be very indignant. On second thought he burst out laughing at the absurdity of the idea.

"But look here! I'm wasting time. I came here to see him," he demanded.

When he had conducted his caller to Ward 1, Captain Leeds had the pleasure of being a witness to the meeting of a millionaire of some repute in the iron and steel trade and his only son.

"My boy," said John Saunders, Sr., "I didn't think you'd finish your vacation in this way when I refused your call for money from 'Frisco. I only wanted to teach you a little economy. But I've got your discharge in my pocket. We can start right back."

"Dad, in two days after I did it I realized what a chump I was, when I had such a brick for a father, to enlist as a private when I ought to go back to my last year at Princeton. Being in the thing I concluded to see it out and keep my place in the ranks.

So I don't want the discharge. No, I don't know but I do. I can marry Nancy two years sooner, can't I?"

"He told me he was poor but honest and I would have to wait until he could make a living for two," said Nancy when she heard the news. "Still, I don't think Mamma will mind, because he is a millionaire."

AS MAN TO MAN

AS MAN TO MAN

HATE is a strong word, but not too strong for the feeling of Private Haines of the Kansans toward his Captain. It was the most uncomfortable kind of hate, that which festers in a rugged and outspoken nature by the compression of enforced silence. Haines had been a month in the home company of militia of Blashton, Gordon long enough to be its commander, when, at the outbreak of the war, a small town's furor of patriotism promised social ostracism for any young man who did not enlist. In the national organization, Gordon retained his commission, Haines remained in the ranks. Theirs was not the only volunteer company that started out with the idea that war stood for rollicking comradeship, only to find that privates were privates and officers were officers.

Suffice it to say in Haines's case that he and the Captain were in love with the same girl; and, moreover, that Haines had last seen her as the train pulled out of Blashton waving her handkerchief to the officers' car. In face of her repeated promises to write he had not received a word in response to his many

letters. Suspicion had grown into conviction that Gordon had used his position to destroy anything in her hand addressed to him. Brooding on the march by day and in his blankets at night had construed every act of the Captain relating to himself into one of spite.

His assignment to the *Pepperbox* was the crowning humiliation. The *Pepperbox*, so named by the Captain, was an antiquated harbor launch remodelled into a gun-boat for use on the Laguna de Bay, the big lake whose waters the Pasig carries under the bridges of Manila. Nine feet beam and thirty feet over all, with a leaky boiler and a sputtering engine, a native pilot and a native engineer, the *Pepperbox* was not a thing of flight; though painted leaden, with a Colt's automatic fore and a one-pounder aft and bulwarks of half-inch sheet iron, she was not a thing of power. Gordon had been chosen for her command because he was by profession a steamboat captain. Haines had been selected for one of the guard of five soldiers because he was a mechanical engineer. As Haines reasoned, however, the Captain merely wanted an excuse for keeping his rival where he could still rub the vinegar of rank into open sores.

Gordon had run over too many bars in the Mis-

souri not to be aggressive. His idea was to stir the insurgents up whenever he had an opportunity. That, he said, kept them thinking. The *Pepperbox's* first assignment was the carrying of orders to Lawton, who had taken an expedition by water to Santa Cruz, the capital of Laguna Province, half-way down the lake. On the return journey Gordon had stopped at Calamba, where he had enjoyed himself for half an hour by silencing the insurgent trenches. When he reported this to head-quarters in Manila, expecting commendation for his enterprise, he was told in decisive language that his business was to carry despatches; that his armament was meant only to assist his escape in case of trouble, and, finally, that if he did anything of the sort again it would go hard with him.

Therefore, as the launch re-entered the lake at dawn the next morning he was not only as irritable as his crew from loss of sleep, but, the reproof still rankling in his mind, he was in a mood to agree with nobody. He told himself that he might as well be crocheting tidies or towing coal out to Dewey as commanding the *Pepperbox*. Without any hope of excitement, he was in for worry all day and worry all night and complaints at both ends of the line because he was never on time.

While he sat in the bow, the men lounged in cramped positions in the stern. After the danger of running on bars at the entrance of the river was passed, in the hope of getting some sleep he stretched himself on the deck with the platform of the Colt's as a pillow, and called to Haines to let him know if anything unusual happened.

The *Pepperbox* chugged on with Oriental endurance. Every throb of her engine affected to be a despairing, complaining last. It was some time before Haines noticed that the pilot was taking an altogether different course from the two previous trips. When finally he did observe that the launch was well into the centre of the lake and pointing toward the right shore instead of the left, he demanded an explanation of Manuel the pilot.

"All same. Go straight. No go round. *Mucho bueno* (very good). Me savey allri'," was the reply in a mixture of "pidgin" English and Spanish.

Haines would have said no more if he had not noticed that the engineer was engrossed in the conversation. The engineer had the reputation of understanding English much better than he pretended. When he saw that Haines was looking at him he became most animatedly engaged with his duties.

"I believe you're up to some deviltry," Haines

exclaimed, and, forgetting his resolution, he seized the Captain by the arm and shook him.

The Captain woke with a start and a pounding headache. He instantly looked to the three essentials and found that the launch was upright, going at her usual speed, and there was no firing.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, irritably.

"Every time before we've gone just under the lee of that island yonder. Now we're going clear to the other side of the lake. I don't believe we've got eight feet under us."

"That's all right. We draw only four. Manuel" (to the pilot), "why you go this fashion? We no belong over there?"

Manuel's jargon stated that Santa Cruz lay straight ahead around the point of beach and the village toward which the *Pepperbox* was pointing. So it did. He had previously followed the track of the big launches. Now he was taking advantage of the launch's light draught and a shallow channel which enabled him to cut off five miles.

"Yeh," piped the engineer, too absorbed in the subject to remember that he was ignorant of English. "Many times go so fashion. All time all same Spanish time. Me savey. No can go fast, no have go so far. *Mucho bueno*, eh?"

The Captain was delighted at the prospect of delivering his message an hour less tardily than he had expected. It meant, if Lawton was very tired, that his "So you are here, eh?" would be a little more patient; or, if he was in good-humor, his "Well! I never expected you back with that thing, Captain. What did you do? Walk along the bank and tow her?" a little more jovial.

Haines forgot his position. He was conscious only that the Captain was trying to argue him down.

"It's the first I've heard of this channel," he said. "The wonder is they didn't take it before. It would be easy enough for these two Gugus to run on a bar and leave us stuck there to fight it out with three or four hundred of their friends that lay in hiding to jump us."

"Nonsense! They know that if they attempted anything of the sort our first act would be to blow their brains out."

"Well, a good many of 'em did try it on the night of February 4."

"That's all, Haines," remarked the Captain, sharply.

Haines made a salute of ironical deference which was not lost on his superior.

"You, Manuel, and you, Engineer, there," Gor-

don added, tapping his revolver, "you savey you play any tricks—one, two, bang, bang! No more Manuel, no more engineer."

"*Si, si. Mucho bueno,*" replied the engineer. "You savey me long time. All time Americano. No insurrecto. Goddam Aguinaldo. He no good."

Manuel was speechless and trembling with fear. His appearance and the engineer's protestations quite satisfied the Captain, who lay down on the deck again. Manuel began timorously to change the course. But his hope of deceiving the engineer, who was grinning with confidence, was futile. If the Captain had known what the engineer said in Tagal to Manuel which caused him to point the bow dead on to the village again, he would have rushed to the wheel and turned it hard a-port with his own hands. Instead, he lay idly gazing at the water, a victim of the difficulties of teaching and governing a race which can speak treason gleefully to the faces of their rulers. Meanwhile, the engineer partially uncovered something he had hidden in the coal and felt again in his pocket to make sure that his matches were there.

The *Pepperbox* was now so near shore that the little swells were breaking on the long beach only a few yards away. The Captain at the same time as

the men, saw a heavy pole stuck in the bottom of the lake standing upright ten feet above the surface of the water and directly in front of the bow. All called to Manuel in a breath. He turned the launch sharply on the inshore of this mark, which had been set there for a specific purpose. As the Captain sprang to his feet a dozen Mauser bullets, fired from a trench on shore, cracked by and the *Pepperbox* grounded and keeled over on her side. In his disgust, the Captain first of all seized Manuel, who was already about to jump, and threw him overboard.

"Nolan, you can handle the one-pounder alone!" he cried. "I'll take care of the Colt, and every man Jack of the rest jump in and push her off. Once afloat, we'll coax our friends out here up to their necks and then throw a hailstorm into 'em."

The men were in the water and had their shoulders against the hull before they realized that the still revolving screw was driving the *Pepperbox* farther and farther into the sand. As Haines straightened up and yelled to the engineer to know why he hadn't reversed the engine, he saw him going overboard head first. Then he was tossed to one side, stunned by an explosion and blinded by coal-dust and spray.

The Captain was hurled over the bow. As he

wiped the water out of his eyes and looked at the cloud of steam and smoke which hung over the remains of the *Pepperbox* he remarked, in his Western drawl:

"Well, the crockery's broken now, all right."

Then he saw the engineer swimming away, and drew his revolver and put a bullet through the engineer's head at the second shot. That poor creature was as much a victim as a culprit. The half-breed agitators in Manila, too cowardly to undertake any masterly deed themselves, had assured him that the explosion would kill everybody on board, while he could save his own life by merely jumping out into the lake after lighting the fuse. He knew nothing of the nature of dynamite, which they had smuggled in from Hong-Kong through Chinese merchants. They knew nothing of the nature of dynamite, with the difference that they pretended to know everything. It was easy for him to believe all they said in a land so long tongue-tied by Spanish rule as to make bold and imaginative lying under the new order of things the open way to insurgent leadership.

The fate of Manuel was worse than that of the engineer. He was so frightened by the decisive manner in which the Captain threw him overboard

that he forgot everything except awe of the white man's presence and will to do the white man's bidding. He had placed his shoulder against the hull at the very point where the concussion burst the sides. His terribly mangled body served as a buffer which saved the life of Haines, who was standing partially behind him as he called to the engineer.

Haines's eyebrows were singed, his face and shoulder cut, the top of his hat sliced off by a flying piece of the boiler, his shirt torn and his face blackened. Nolan lay on the deck, the smoke-stack across his stomach and a sliver of steel through his forehead. His gun was dismounted and lying in the water. Simmons, standing nearly opposite to Manuel on the other side of the launch, met an equally sudden death. Worley, gashed and badly burned, was still alive. He had regained his feet and stood begging piteously for someone to put an end to his agony. Smith and Haines alone of the crew were fit for duty.

Gordon had grasped the situation at once, but not before he heard a shout from the shore and saw forty or fifty insurgents rushing out from it. Smith and Haines could lay hands upon only one rifle in condition for use. While Haines took that,

with the body of the launch as a breastwork, Smith helped poor Worley into the larger of the two *bancas* (dugouts) which were towed by the *Pepperbox*, and did what he could to relieve his pain. With odds of fifty against two, Gordon naturally chose the lesser evil of being killed with his face instead of his back toward the enemy. He clutched at the mechanism of the Colt—which still stood, though with the bolts of its support loosened, on the tilted platform of the deck—as a dying man clutches at a straw. It was in working order. A hundred rounds of ammunition remained. The rest had been destroyed by the explosion.

"One Colt is good for a regiment," said Gordon. "Haines, wait until they get up close! Wait till I give the word!"

On the insurgents came, yelling triumphantly as they splashed through the water, while the Captain waited, his finger on the trigger and his eye glancing along the barrel. When they were within fifty yards he fired one shot to make sure of his aim. It was right. He jammed the elevating lever hard on.

"Now!" he cried to Haines; and while Haines's rifle cracked, tat-tat-tat the Colt spoke, as its barrel swung back and forth, distributing with mathematical impartiality its stream of leaden pellets.

This was a bitter and tragic surprise for the advancing manikins. The messenger from the great minds in Manila which had evolved the great plan said that all the manikins would have to do after the explosion was to take possession of the wreck and corpses. Some fired back; some fell in the manner of a man who trips over a wire in the dark; and in a moment all who were not dead or wounded scampered back to the cover of their trench.

Gordon did not hear the few bullets which passed as he fully exposed himself according to the American precept that a shield for a machine gun prevents good marksmanship. He followed the retreating foe with enough fire to bring the lesson home. Then he counted the cartridges remaining in the belt, sixteen in all.

"How many shots have you left?" he asked Haines.

"Ten," was the reply.

The Captain looked around in all directions, as if to ascertain what next was in store for him. Behind a bluff three miles or more away he saw a column of smoke. He knew that this must come from the stack of the *Gasinan*, a much larger improvised gun-boat, which was proceeding in his direction. A quarter of a mile away from the village, along the

road leading from the interior, he saw a column of about two hundred insurgents at the double quick. In the second and more determined attack which was sure to come they could reach the wreck of the *Pepperbox*, despite all he could do with his sixteen cartridges, long before the *Gasinan*, which carried a twelve-pounder, two six-pounders, and two Colt's, would be in range.

"Haines, you and Smith take Worley in the large *banca* and make for the centre of the lake. The *Gasinan* will pick you up. I'll remain here."

"Don't do that, Captain," Smith protested, while Haines in silence took a water-soaked cigar from his pocket and began chewing it vigorously.

"Orders!" the Captain rasped.

Smith had a mother at home to whom he was sending ten dollars of his "$15.60 per." His death meant that she would be sent to the poorhouse. He obeyed. Before going he secured Nolan's watch and a few trinkets to give to Nolan's sweetheart at home. Haines still stood in the water with his rifle on the deck in front of him, chewing his cigar.

"Ain't you comin'?" called Smith.

"No," he replied.

"Man, you must," said the Captain. "If you

don't you'll be killed or taken prisoner, and that's worse."

"So will you. I'm going to stay, orders or no orders, by G——!"

"All right," the Captain assented. "Go on, Smith."

Gordon was touched by what he took for Haines's loyalty. He now blamed himself for holding the grudge of rivalry against the private—but not for long. Haines leaped up on the deck as soon as Smith had paddled out of hearing. He threw his cigar into the water and turned on the Captain.

"I've stayed for satisfaction, that's what I've stayed for!" he said. "There's time enough, if you've got any sand, for you to stand up to me, you ——" and he used an expression which is unanswerable in words.

"Certainly," Gordon responded quickly, laying aside his revolver to give himself greater freedom.

"And those bars you set such store by," said Haines, indicating by a glance the Captain's shoulder-straps.

"Don't you take my word there's no rank in this?" He tore off his open blouse, thus divesting himself of authority. "There, d——n you!"

Such was his rage that Haines, poised on the balls

of his feet, did not wait for the Captain to assume a position of readiness, but struck at his jaw with all the initiative at his command. Gordon ducked enough to prevent it from landing fairly, and instantly grappled with his adversary. Haines was somewhat proficient in boxing, while the Captain knew only of the rough-and-tumble tricks of boyhood days in a country town. Haines was the more agile; Gordon was of sturdier frame, bigger bones and harder muscles.

All oblivious of the bullets which were again being fired from the trench, they grappled, each bending all his energy to overcome his adversary before the enemy should overcome them both. Gradually Gordon's superior strength began to tell. Realizing this, Haines tried to break away in order to strike a blow. The result was to give Gordon a good hip hold. With Gordon uppermost, the two fell against the platform of the Colt. Such was the impact that the loosened bearings gave way, precipitating the combatants into the water. With them went their last hope of defence, the rifle as well as the gun.

Their positions being reversed by the fall, Haines was the first to rise. As he waited an instant for Gordon to come up he heard the yells and splashing of the insurgents as they approached in their second

charge. Gordon made a staggering effort to ward off the blow aimed at him. As his fist came in contact with a bare spot where the army shirt was torn away from Gordon's shoulder, Haines saw a red blotch which told him of a bullet that had just entered the flesh. At the sight of it came a swamping sense of repugnance to the hatred and anger which had been in his heart. He had struck a wounded man who was making a fair fight. He felt the buoyancy of strength and sympathy to protect Gordon's life against all comers. As he lifted his adversary from the water he asked hoarsely for forgiveness.

"Take the *banca!* Save yourself!" the Captain whispered. "It's all right for me. I must stay. I can't go back to face the regiment or the folks at home after a smash like this. But finish me! I don't want to fall into the hands of those savages!"

Haines made no answer except immediate action upon a plan for escape. He carried Gordon to the stern of the *Pepperbox*, and swinging the *banca* around so that the hull would be out of sight of the insurgents, turned it bottom side up and succeeded in getting the Captain and himself underneath it just as the insurgents reached the wreck. By half kneeling, half standing, in a painfully cramped position,

"Save yourself! It's all right for me. I must stay."

they could breathe, with the backs of their heads under water and their faces out of it.

The enemy first of all busied themselves with the most important feature of their warfare—sacking the pockets of the dead before stripping them of their clothing, and slashing, kicking, and spitting on the nude bodies. Haines was congratulating himself that they would not be discovered when a manikin leaped upon the bottom of the *banca*. Their heads were driven under water, and rose out of it to see two brown legs very near their own and a pair of brown hands on the gunwale. With his free arm Haines prepared to strike as soon as the manikin should try to overturn their poor fortress. At that moment there was a great splash not far distant. The brown legs leaped upon the deck. Then came a hurtling swish.

"That one passed over," Haines whispered cheerfully.

Then came a crack-ung-thr-t-t-t!

The *Gasinan*, coming on with the speed of her Captain's wrath, had burst its third shrapnel fairly above the wreck; and the insurgents sought the shore.

As Captain and private, both too weak to stand, lay on the deck of the *Gasinan*, her commander

brought a letter to Gordon which had been sent care of the division instead of the regiment. After he had read it Gordon looked over to Haines.

"Jim," he said, using the familiar address for the first time since they left Blashton, "Jim, I guess the war fever has died out in Kansas. My sister Minnie says the girl we've been scrapping over is engaged to Hicks, the lawyer, who stayed at home."

A BATTLE AND A QUARREL

A BATTLE AND A QUARREL

THE nickname of "Plain John Dobbins," which he acquired at the Academy, and also the essentials of his sober yeomanry stock, still clung to him as a captain of regular cavalry twenty years after his graduation.

His courtship had been characteristic. He began by earnest and almost embarrassing devotion to a beautiful and popular girl, who deprecated his suit only to accept him when she had sounded the depths of his character with the deep-sea lead of a love whose existence she had been slow to recognize.

The Spanish War found them fifteen years married. She followed him to Tampa; and met him, his arm in a sling, at Montauk, with her hair almost white from having killed him at least twice a day and ten times a night during his absence.

"I know I'm foolish about John," she told a young officer in the Adjutant-General's office, "but I just can't help it."

After Montauk there was a period of rest in the home barracks in Dakota, and then orders to the

wearing business of making our hold on tropical possessions more than titular. Two months after the Captain had sailed for the Philippines she left San Francisco. If she had not been a day at sea when his troop (dismounted), attached to the Sixty-third Volunteer Infantry, was ordered to the Camarines Provinces, which are two days' sail from Manila, he would have cabled her to remain in the States. He left a letter with a friend telling her to wait for further word as to the practicability of joining him. She arrived to find that one woman had already gone to the Camarines. This was the wife of her husband's old Lieutenant, who had a "Mex" commission as Major in the Sixty-third.

"Where Mrs. Lane can go, I can go," said Mrs. Dobbins.

A kindly Quartermaster, without asking the commanding General for permission (because he knew that it would be refused), put her aboard a transport which was sailing immediately. In four days after she had set foot in Manila she was at Brigade Headquarters in Nueva Caceres. There, she asked the general not to telegraph her husband lest he should tell her to wait until he could come for her. On the afternoon of the fifth day, after a ride of thirty miles in dust and heat, the driver of the army wagon

which carried her and the mail drove into the little plaza of the town of Lingat, in a dramatic manner worthy of the occasion, pulling up short with the side of the seat occupied by Mrs. Dobbins next to the door of the municipal building.

"You're awfully thin, John!" she exclaimed, as she looked up through her tears at her idol.

"Worked off my fat, girl," he said. "That's all. I'm as tough and healthy as a cayuse. As long as I get enough saddle it doesn't matter whether I'm in the Dakotas at forty below, or in the Camarines at a hundred in the shade. You see they've spread the Regulars out as usual. My troop's in three towns and I have a thirty-mile gallop every day."

He did not notice that she had grown more gray and wrinkled since he last saw her. She would always be young to him.

Picking their way among the Quartermaster's stores and the troop equipments in the basement, he led her up the rickety stairs into the four living-rooms, where the Filipino servants, who had watched from the window with many wriggles and gesticulations the embrace of a strange white "Americano" lady—the first they had ever seen—by their master, now stood in a line of grins, white shirts and trousers, and naked brown feet and

greeted her with profound bows and "Good-day, Señora!"

"So this is our palace and these are our dependents, John!" she said, as she began to look the place over. Palace! A mental note of the shabbiness of the quarters, compared to those of Mrs. Lane at Bigao, made her hasten to say, the more cheerfully: "We shall be as comfortable as two bugs in a rug—I mean as comfortable as bugs on ice. Heavens! Isn't it scorching! I made the driver start at 2 A.M., so that I wouldn't have to stop at Mrs. Lane's for tiffin, and could be with you. I'm hungry as a bear."

John bounded into the kitchen, whereupon the three servants ceased staring and hastened the preparation of the meal.

"And so you didn't want to tiffin with Mrs. Lane?" he asked, in order to hear her say again how anxious she was to be with him.

"No. I wanted to have a look at my big husband again. And I don't like Mrs. Lane. Why, that young thing is putting on the airs of a general's wife over her Mex rank! Is it true, John, that you are supposed to salute him?"

"Yes, his volunteer commission makes him my superior officer."

"That boy, whom you taught all the soldiering that he knows! And do you actually have to take orders from him?"

"Yes—in a way."

"It's outrageous!"

"But he tries to be very nice about it," he added, permitting himself this little stroke of diplomacy to cover his wounded pride, for her sake. At the same time he looked at her questioningly, wondering if, after all, even Mary was not a little disappointed with him for failing of promotion. She set all doubts at rest by springing into his arms.

"It's no matter if you're a sergeant. It's no matter if you're a private in the rear ranks!"

"I know that. I know that, Mary. If I didn't know it—I would lose heart."

A flurry at the door interrupted them. They looked around to see the Presidente and two members of the Common Council, as elected under General Order No. 43, standing, hats in hand, in a state of doubt and embarrassment. The great news had travelled fast, and they had come to pay their respects to the wife of the Captain. The Presidente placed his rickety carriage, the only one in town, at Mrs. Dobbins's service to drive in every evening. After him, more deliberately, the next day, came

the leading Chinese merchants with presents of silk and pina cloth. Both offers were refused by the Captain himself, as a matter of official discretion. But Mrs. Dobbins, though she did not mean to, recalled that Mrs. Lane spoke of driving in the Presidente's carriage and of the beautiful presents which she had received from the local officials. In fact, Mrs. Lane might have been expected to speak of such things to the wife of the man who formerly had ranked her husband. In the old days on the plains Mrs. Dobbins had more than once put young Mrs. Lane "in her place."

"You see, Mary," explained the Captain, "I'm trying to teach these people what honest government is."

The Chinese, who had heard of the English methods in Hong-Kong, concluded that this must be the peculiar characteristic of all big white men with blond hair, and proceeded to adapt themselves to the new conditions and make the best of them—as they always do abroad and never at home. But the little Presidente had not heard of the English methods in Hong-Kong. He knew only the Spanish method, which was his method—his civilization—and that of those beneath him. So he secretly thought that the Captain was a dunce, who would

be recalled in disgrace some day by the American don who was at the head of affairs in Manila. Even as little presidentes go, the little Presidente of Lingat was a bad man.

It was her first experience away from a post where there was not some society. She had always thought that John alone would be sufficient to her happiness. In truth, he had been a foil to the rest of the world. She had come back to her quiet, forceful husband as to a retreat from the talk and gossip of the post. She had not foreseen that a retreat becomes a hermitage if you are restricted to it. For he was never talkative. When he was at home he read and smoked, being supremely happy in the consciousness of her presence.

As the days wore on she did little but lie on a long chair, with thoughts passing through her mind which used to have no place there. She grew sick of the sight of brown faces and bare limbs; of naked infants dying of small-pox in their mothers' arms; of children, with shirts reaching only to their navels, wriggling up the bamboo rungs of the ladders leading to nipa huts. Or, to be diagnostic, she was suffering from the little liver devils of the tropics which fatten on lassitude and starve on exercise.

One unusually hot morning John came in with

a map of Africa in perspiration on the back of his blouse and his hair gray with dust and matted to his head. He had his mail, which he had just received, in his hand. He dropped into a chair, called to the houseboy to make sure that the tank supplying the shower-bath was full, and began to read the orders from head-quarters as if they were the gospel as well as the law. His wife looked at him and then at some bits of paper, the remains of a letter which she and the little devils had torn to pieces in exasperation as soon as she had read it. Mrs. Lane had written to say:

"We expected you to see us before this. The Major was speaking only to-day about how lonesome you must be. He says that you can come on the mail wagon any time you wish, and he will see that you are escorted back. Regimental head-quarters is here now, you know, and we have the band to play every evening. We have had two balls, and, of course, being the only white woman here with twelve officers, I danced till I was like a rag."

John was unusually absorbed. He had just been told again that the Presidente, while so fawningly loyal, was plotting to deliver the town over to an insurgent attack; and he had caught a Chinese

trader cheating the people with false weights. Moreover a communication in his hand held out no hope of detaching any of Major Lane's battalion as reinforcements for his three towns. Perhaps he was abrupt in reply to his wife's questions. At all events, the time had come for the outburst which she had long been holding back.

"The presidentes may amuse you, but they don't amuse me," she said. "Think what my life is here —Dreyfused—with no hope of anything better if I depend on you! Yes, Dreyfused! With the chances that the whole parcel of volunteers will be taken into the regulars as they stand, while I have to courtesy to school-girls who rank me out of quarters! Look at your own classmates who are colonels and lieutenant-colonels! Look at your own lieutenant who is a major! You haven't even written to the senators from your State! You seem to like to vegetate in this ghastly place, while I suffer!"

Her angrily spoken sentences came as so many blows in the face to her husband. He slowly and mechanically folded up his letters, rose and took three or four steps toward the bathroom, before he found a few poor words.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Mary," he said.

She was already repentant of her abrupt complaint. At tiffin she vainly looked for him to say something upon which she could, with a show of self-respect, hang her plea for forgiveness. After an awkward moment of silence, when he rose from a meal of a few mouthfuls, he said:

"Mary, perhaps a trip to Japan would do you good. You may go, if you wish—or to the States, or anywhere. My expenses are nothing here. You will have most of our income."

He spoke so coldly, so definitely that she was instantly in a temper of independence.

"Yes, I will," she said. "I'll go and enjoy myself as other women do. This life of devotion is all very well, but it brings precious little reward I notice."

"Very good. To-morrow, or next day, or whenever you wish, we can start you off with an escort to Nueva Caceres."

For the moment the woman was bolstered up with her own anger. The man? He passed down the stairs in a daze. For he knew only how to fight, not how to quarrel.

As he left the building without any particular destination in view he was conscious only of a wish that he might be spared the misery of seeing her

again, now that he knew that repugnance had taken the place of love in her heart. He was too preoccupied to notice that the figure coming across the square was running. He did not even recognize it as the familiar one of Juan Mendez, a Filipino property-holder whose blood had not been poisoned by a Spanish strain, until two agitated brown hands were actually under his nose.

"They are coming!" cried Mendez. "I have been up the road and seen them! Four or five hundred, with rifles! They have gathered from all the bands in the country around. The Presidente is guiding them! He hates you! All the drones and schemers hate you! You have not let them make us pay taxes. They know that you have few men. Now they have come for revenge—to burn my home—to kill me—to kill all who are honest! Let me have a rifle! Let me help you!"

The sound of a shot from an outpost put the seal to Mendez's statement.

"No. You go tell the people to take cover, Juan. And tell them that there is no danger. The Americanos will protect them."

"But there are hundreds and you are only a handful!"

"Then we shall get the more rifles."

"Ah, Captain, you are not Spanish—you are not Spanish!" said Mendez, laughing hysterically and becoming quite confident.

While the bugle was sounding to "fall in" and the men were rushing from the shady places where they were resting to their accoutrements, the Captain went up the bamboo ladder two steps at a time to the tower of the church, which commanded a view of the surrounding country.

He took it for granted that Mendez's numbers could be divided by two, and of this only half would be armed. His vision flew over the foliage in which nestled the nipa roofs of the town, past the open stretch of paddy-field to the bamboo-grove which bordered it. Just beyond, hugging the cover of the river-bank and apparently intending to debouch from the grove and charge across fatal open ground with Oriental perversity, was a column of white figures. Through the glasses each seemed to be carrying a black stick, which was, of course, a rifle. When his practised eye told him that there were actually three if not four hundred, he only smiled a little more grimly and confidently. During his rides he had mapped the country in his mind. His plan for dealing with such an emergency as this had been made long ago. After scanning the horizon to

make sure that an attack was not to be directed from two sides he hastened back down the stairs.

His wife was standing by the entrance. He started, and paused long enough to say, in a tone distinctly military:

"Yes, the church is the best place for you. Stray bullets might go through the walls of the house. There is no danger. The affair will be over in half an hour."

And then he passed on.

Her anger going as quickly as it had come, Mrs. Dobbins had hurried from the table to the window and had watched her husband cross the square, his erect figure bearing no sign of his distress of mind. She had overheard Juan's excited tale, and had corroboration of the overwhelming force of the enemy from the outpost who came running into the square after the Captain had entered the church. As an army woman she knew what such odds meant; as a wife she knew that her husband would attack in flank, no matter what the force against him, and that failure meant annihilation, with him cheerfully exposing himself to the last moment. Yet the only sign that she longed for forgiveness before he went into action was the imploring gesture of arms outstretched toward his retreating back.

As the Captain stopped in front of his waiting garrison, two pale, almost emaciated creatures, wavering under the load of their rifles, came out of the barracks and took their places in the line of forty men, each of whose faces bore that individual realization of what was before him and that stern intention to go through with it which are so characteristic of the American soldier.

"Stoke and Leman," he said to the sick ones, "I thought you were in hospital with dysentery."

"We was, sir," said Stoke, "but if you're willing, we ain't now."

The Captain divided the force into two parts, one part under the Sergeant, with Gelley, the Surgeon, attached, and the other under his own command.

"I'm going to take my men," he said to the Sergeant, "and pass under cover of a path to the west of the main road leading north, then come out on the road so as to be at right angles with the bamboo and with your position. You are to go to the northern outskirts of the town, and as our friends come out of the bamboo you are to hold them back and not let them get near enough to become overconfident. If they come too near, understand, they'll get a grip and their numbers will count. When we begin firing from the roadway, throw it

into 'em till your rifles blister your hands. When we charge, you charge. Mind your sights and don't fire high. We'll get 'em all right."

Thereupon, he gave the word and the two columns started off at the double. After he had taken three or four steps with his column he stopped suddenly at the thought of the danger to his wife from some sniper in the town who might bring his rifle out of hiding to throw bullets about among the women and children. He detached Stoke and Leman from the ranks.

"You will stand guard over Mrs. Dobbins," he said. "Search anyone for arms who wants to enter the church."

"Yes, sir," they replied, in broken voices, while he hurried on to catch up with his command.

To them this disappointment meant as much as for a playwright to have his play rehearsed up to the night of presentation and then refused a hearing. Still they had the satisfaction of the philosophy which lies behind the Sergeant's saying, that "orders 's orders, and you can usually rely on 'em to be disagreeable."

When they reported themselves with a statement of their duty to Mrs. Dobbins, she bade them, with great asperity, to go to the front, where they were

needed. They stood stock-still and merely repeated the Captain's words.

"But won't you do this for me—for a woman—your Captain's wife?" she pleaded. "Every man, every rifle, ought to be out yonder."

"We'd do most anything for the Captain's wife," Stoke replied, "except not do as we're told by the Captain in a fight."

"Very well, then," she said, "if you have to stay, I don't."

She started in the direction which her husband had taken.

"Don't, Mrs. Dobbins!" they begged. "Bullets is going to be perty thick here in a minute. Think how the Captain would worry! Don't!"

She did not even give their protests the deference of arresting her steps.

The two men looked at each other for a minute, in doubt. Then Stoke had a flash of wisdom.

"We was left to guard her, not to guard the church," he said. "My God! If anything happened to her I wouldn't face the Captain for Rockefeller's fortune."

Then, following correct tactics, one went to the right and the other to the left of Mrs. Dobbins, as if she were a column and they her flankers. So they

followed her by the road and by the path her husband had taken, until all instinctively halted as they heard the crash of a Krag volley.

"It's the Sergeant's line, not his," Mrs. Dobbins thought, pressing on.

Immediately the answering bullets of the insurgents began thripping through the banana-trees. At first they were few; then a storm. When Stoke saw two spits of dust in the road in front of her, he rushed to her side, crying, in a tone of command:

"Mrs. Dobbins, you must take cover! If you don't we'll have to carry you by force."

"I'll go if you'll go to the front," she replied.

"One of us will," he declared as he promptly hurried her behind the protecting trunk of a big mango-tree. "Leman," he added, as he drew his hand out of his pocket, "odd or even? The fellow who goes has to tell the Captain that he did it on his own."

Leman won. With an exclamation of joy he started on the run, blowing the dust out of his sights as he went. He was ten yards away when he fell in a heap. Stoke ran to him and found him already unconscious, with a hole over the heart. Another waif of the world, taken by the regular recruiting office from a life of uselessness and turned into a man and an expert—who had learned how to smile when

he heard the cry of loafers in garrison towns, "Will you work, soldier?" and had still smiled when the volunteers told him how they carried San Juan Hill —had fallen doing his duty in the simple way of the Service. Stoke picked up his dead comrade's rifle and laying it on the big root of the mango-tree beside him, looked out into the thicket with flashing eyes, as confident of the power of the instrument in his hands as any white man ever was in a brown man's country.

There is no suspense like the suspense of being under fire out of sight of the combatants. After the first Krag volley, all the firing had come from the insurgent side. Mrs. Dobbins, as she listened to the passing of the bullets, imagined the worst.

For an explanation, we must turn to the Sergeant, who, at this juncture, was as airy as the belle of a ball. His men were barely on their bellies scanning the line of earth over their sights, when the white figures broke out of the bamboo. He waited for them to come within seven hundred yards. Then, in answer to his volley, they passed out of sight as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

"Oh, ho, my Gugu callers, so you've laid down,

behind a paddy dyke to take account of stock, have you?" he called. "Get down, clear down, boys, and don't shoot till the target's up again."

After firing for five minutes without hitting anyone except poor Leman, the insurrectos rose and began to advance by rushes. Our men now had to rise on their elbows and return the fire. Butts was the first man wounded. He got "it" in the shoulder at the same moment as a complaint from the Sergeant for exposing himself unnecessarily. Then Stanley's head dropped down on his rifle-stock with a bullet hole between the eyes. No one noticed these incidents besides the Sergeant and the Surgeon.

Many insurgents were falling, many were wavering, and others kept on less surely, but, nevertheless, gaining ground. When they were within three hundred yards their bugle bade them halt. Our men, whose rifle-barrels hissed if touched by a perspiring hand, knew that the supreme moment was yet to come.

As the insurgents crawled forward to reform their line, their officers recalled to them all the encouragements of the weeks in which this "grand attack" by the mobilization of small guerilla bands and individuals with hidden rifles had been preparing.

They told them again of the weakness of the garrison and fanned their wrath against the American Captain who had been making the people trust him. They shouted the prospect of the American supplies and money in the town; of the award of the Captain's watch to the man who killed or captured him; of the loot of Mendez's house and the killing of the traitorous citizens who had failed to pay their taxes to the Republic. The absence of fire from our side encouraged them to think that we had fled. So they rose again with the confidence of the first charge, and all the bullets which the Sergeant's little corps could throw seemed to have no effect upon them.

"Pot those in front!" the Sergeant called. "Then the others will see 'em fall. Leave that officer who's waving his sword to me!"

He aimed at the officer and missed. He fired again with greater care and the officer dropped. Still other officers sprang forward, and there was now no cessation in the movement, which seemed to have the grip of a charge which feels that it is going home and becomes reckless of the cost.

"Is that all you can do?" asked the Sergeant, awakening from the absorption of his own sharpshooting to notice that the fire from his men was

slackening. There was no reply. Not even the man next to him had heard him speak.

"Burleigh!" he shrieked, turning his attention entirely from the field to his men, "Burleigh, what are you doing behind that root? Funking it?"

Then he saw that Burleigh was dead; and he saw that he had only eight men firing—eight men whose faces were set with the purpose of making the most of the inevitable.

"If any man opens the clip to his magazine 'fore there's a Gugu within ten foot of him, I'll pommel him till he's black and blue. Pump it into 'em! Pump——" the Sergeant's yell was drowned by the triumphing cry of the Filipinos of "Gangway Americanos!" as they started forward at a dead run.

As if in answer to the insurrectos' taunt, the broken volley of men falling into position in haste spoke from the side of the road. The insurrectos stopped with the shock of the flank fire like a beast wounded in the side as it is about to reach its prey. "Plain John Dobbins" never looked finer than now, his face lighted with the enthusiasm and the preoccupation of the business at hand, which was to maintain the accuracy of the fire of twenty excited men; for that, and not shouting or the beating of drums, is the art of company command, and, there-

fore, the way of the Service. With the instinct of the animal, the insurgents turned in the direction from which the wound had been inflicted and desperately replied to the fire.

It was then that the Captain, who was standing erect despite his preachings about the necessity of a line officer taking cover, whirled half round with the impact of a blow that stung his left forearm. He looked down to see blood, and immediately forgot the wound in watching for the moment when the enemy's fire should be so far reduced as to warrant a charge with the minimum of exposure. So short was the range that he drew his revolver and emptied its chambers with the zest of personal encounter.

It is not in the blood and marrow under brown skins to grapple with a flank fire. The insurgents' impulse of desperation did not last long. They imagined that there were a thousand Americans, instead of a handful which they could easily sweep away with the bayonet. When they saw the big forms in blue shirts and khaki spring out of the rut by the roadway, everyone sought to save his own life—if his legs were too weak with fear to carry him, by lying prone on the ground and crying for mercy; if not, by running for the bamboo.

Without his charge the Captain would not have considered that he had administered a "licking." He stopped in the middle of the field with his bugler at his elbow, while his men went in chase. As he looked around at the dead and the dying and the prisoners, he heard a familiar voice crying, "Medico!" (surgeon). Its source was the parched lips of the Presidente—a bullet through his shoulder and a Mauser rifle on the ground by his side.

"Mercy! mercy!" he begged. "The wicked ones kidnapped me and forced me to fight."

"Yes," the Captain replied, "you've made a great fool of yourself. However, you mustn't think that I believe your lie."

And the little Presidente nestled closer to the earth for fear of accidents as the Sergeant and his eight remaining men, who had charged with the moral force of a division, came hurrying forward to catch the rest of the line. The Captain stopped them.

"What are your casualties?" he asked.

"Well, Stanley, Burleigh, and Smith are dead and Swanson's perty bad. The others'll recover, I guess —great guns, sir! Don't you know that you've been hit in the arm?"

"I should say he had!" said Surgeon Gelley,

coming up and instantly ripping open the Captain's sleeve with his knife.

"Not much," said the Captain. "Went clean through."

"I suppose if two went clean through you wouldn't have it bandaged," said Gelley, applying a "first aid." "Blood trickling off your fingers—not much! Nipped an artery—not much! Here, put this sling over your head; that'll do for the present. If you don't go back to the house I'll order you. Now you're sick, I'm your boss."

"I don't want the men to get too far afield," the Captain told the Sergeant. "Call them in. Make the Presidente's house a hospital and have the prisoners carry in their wounded."

And the little Presidente was already proudly thinking that our victory did not count, because we were such fools as not to take advantage of it.

As he walked unsteadily toward the road, so as to have the shade of the trees back to the plaza, the Captain began to feel the effects of reaction. He involuntarily put his free arm to his head as if to steady it. At the roadside he met his wife, whom Stoke could hold back no longer after the fire had diminished. The sight of her brought up the

events of the morning and all its contingent misery, which had been momentarily forgotten.

"John," she asked, "is it bad?"

"We've licked them good and hard," was the reply, "but we had to pay a price. Four killed——"

"Not them! Your arm, I mean."

"That's nothing."

"But there's a great red spot on the bandage."

"Always is, Mary. It doesn't stop bleeding the minute that you slap a 'first aid' onto it."

Meanwhile he had continued to walk. Now he stopped suddenly and, staggering almost to the point of falling, asked, in a military manner:

"What are you doing here? I thought I left you at the church."

What she wanted to reply was, "Because I loved you and couldn't wait for you to forgive me." But he seemed at once too weak and too formidable in his dusty khaki and flapping, bloody sleeve to recur to the subject.

"I wanted to—to see," she stammered.

"To see!" he repeated. "And if we had been driven back?"

She made no reply.

They went on in silence, save for the plunking of their feet in the thick, hot dust—until, without

any warning, there was a sharp report from the roadside, followed by the peculiar thud of a bullet striking flesh.

The Captain whirled and fell, with the blood gushing from his leg, but facing his antagonist. The instinct of his profession gave him strength for the time being. His vision was quite clear again. Only a few yards away he saw peering over the root of a mango-tree a black, pock-marked face. The assassin had partly risen on his elbow while his rifle rested on the root, as if entranced by the effect of his deed. Then he seemed to comprehend that it was life for life and took aim again as the Captain reached for his revolver only to remember that the chambers were empty. There followed a report, the sound of a bullet going high over the Captain's head in the bamboo and of a blow with the stock of a rifle which crushed in the Filipino's skull.

"There, you swine!" Stoke said. "You ain't worth a cartridge."

Then he went to the assistance of Mrs. Dobbins, who had her thumb pressed with all the strength of her arm just above the wound. With his bayonet Stoke made a tourniquet and applied his own first-aid bandage. He was about to start back to the field for a stretcher when he espied a full-grown

manikin peeking out of a nipa hut. So he and the native bore the prostrate man to the house on a piece of nipa thatch.

It seemed to the Captain that his bearers were travelling up and down the swells of a rolling sea of dust, as through a hot fog which stifled him he saw his wife hurrying ahead to prepare the way. His racing thoughts again dwelt entirely upon what had passed between them in the morning.

"How old she looks! Grown old suffering under a yoke. She's trying to do her duty," he told himself. "That's what she has been doing for years, in contrition, with all the love out of her heart. And I have never known it until to-day! Never knew it until when she let the mask fall I saw that she loathed the sight of me. How easy it would be—an artery, Gelley said—and save further trouble. I would leave her sufficient income, and——"

The next that he knew he was drinking iced water out of a glass held by Gelley, while his wife was at the Surgeon's elbow.

"Hemorrhage stopped, all right, old chap," Gelley said, cheerfully. "You'd have been done for in two minutes if Stoke hadn't put the tourniquet on. I'm not going to have you undressed or excited in

any way till all danger is past. I'll peep in at the door again in ten minutes and want to find you sound asleep. Meanwhile, I'm going back to poor Swanson and try to save him."

Contrary to expectations, the iced water revived the Captain and carried him back to the train of irrational thought which he was following when he had become unconscious. As the resultant determination gained force in his mind he said, abruptly:

"Mary, I can sleep easier if you will go outside and lie down and rest."

"Then I will," she said, cheerfully, not daring to excite him by any protest, much less relieve herself of the burden of self-blame which lay heavier and heavier upon her heart.

The subterfuge served his purpose. His strength grew with his idea.

"She will have income enough and we shall both have—peace. No one—will suspect—suicide," he whispered. "They—will—say—I was delirious, as Smith was when he tore his bandages off in Cuba. In two minutes, Gelley said——"

With an effort he reached the knot of the bandage around his leg, but he could not untie it. He fumbled in his pocket, took out his knife, leaned

against the pillow while he laboriously opened it. He slipped the blade under the outside strand of the bandage. Then he suddenly recalled, smiling in the cynicism of his conception, that he had not yet written the report of his action.

"I'll make it a true report," he said, in a mocking whisper.

He took a piece of paper and a pencil from the table at the head of his bed and wrote, in trembling characters:

"For four months I have been holding three towns with one hundred men, while I have been denied reinforcements from the full battalion at Bigao. I do not consider my losses against four hundred unreasonably heavy, considering that the enemy was organized in, and marched unnoticed from, the battalion's sphere of influence."

"And now," he thought. Once he bent over, only to fall back in exhaustion. The second attempt was more successful. He laid his hand upon the knife.

Again he was arrested in the execution of his purpose; this time by a sob from the adjoining room. His wife, who had been suppressing her emotion, had now involuntarily put her agony into words. He listened.

"Oh, if he only could understand!" she was saying. "If he only knew how I love him and hate myself for what I said!"

His delirium had passed. He fell back upon his pillow with the smile of one who has found life worth living again.

"Mary!" he called.

She came on tiptoe.

"Mary," he said, "I think that I could sleep better if you were in the room with me."

The wife picked up that novel report, and, before her husband thought of it again, had sent it to the Patient and Well-Abused One in Manila.

"As if I had anything to do with promotions," he remarked, grimly.

He smiled to himself—for his American sense of humor never deserted him—and enclosing the letter, wrote on his familiar pad:

"This is not military and was written by Captain Dobbins in a delirium. However, it states the truth. Confidential."

The Adjutant-General, who opened this letter after one from a Congressman's wife pleading that her son be sent home, remarked:

"Why will such men always hide themselves when they ought to know that we are looking for them? Can't they read in the newspapers that it pays to advertise?"

Whereupon, he wrote a two-months' extension of leave for an officer who, under the devoted ministrations of his wife, was happily convalescing in the mountains of Japan.

AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE

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ON the morning after the fight at Dangwan River, a man, whose stature and physiognomy were distinctly not those of a Filipino, avoiding the open places and going under cover of thickets and gullies, came to the deep fringe of foliage which shades the main highway connecting Bacoor and Imus, in the Province of Cavite. He carried a Mauser rifle and a cloth bandolier of native make full of cartridges. His dress—that of a Filipino regular soldier, even to the miserable rope shoes—could not belie, on closer examination, his nationality, which was American.

He looked up and down the road and listened; finally, he looked behind him and listened, before he started to cross. He was barely on the other side when the sound of hoofs in the distance made him leap behind a mango-tree and cower in the crotch of two of its great projecting roots while he waited fearfully for the coming of a patrol of his own countrymen. Not until they were past did he, with a great sigh of relief, so far expose himself as

to have a peep at the cantering group. A glance was sufficient to make him fall back with a groan and bury his face in his hands. He had recognized the leading figure as his own Colonel.

"God A'mighty!" he exclaimed. "It was hard enough without that!"

He remained for some time in this attitude, an easy prey for pursuers if pursuers he had, again fighting a battle in his heart to preserve a resolution. When he arose he had more than ever the air of one fleeing from peril behind to a precipice beyond.

He made his way rapidly, treading as softly upon his rope soles as if they were moccasins. By five in the afternoon he was in the suburbs of Manila, where he threw his rifle and cartridges into a ditch. Once in town, he pulled his straw hat well down over his eyes. His garb and his black, straggling beard made it easy for him to pass as one of the many Spanish soldiers enjoying liberty after their release from the hands of the Filipinos by the advance of our forces.

The Spanish soldiers themselves might have thought that he was an orderly going on a life-and-death message. His speed increased with his fear that he might be detected before he could speak with the one for whose ears he had been framing a

narrative during the last thirty-six sleepless hours. He passed the length of Calle Real, then over to Calle Nozaleda, which he crossed to the opposite side of the street from Mrs. Gerlison's. As he went by, the only outward evidence that he had any interest in her residence was a sharp glance. Assured that there was no one on her porch, he turned at the next crossing and soon was at her door, expectant, with head bared. She came herself in response to the knock at the great sliding windows which were literally one side of the lower story of the house.

"Can I talk to you—a—a little?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"To me? What about?" she queried, shuddering a little at the sight of this unkempt man, with his deepset eyes and the prominence of his high cheek-bones enhanced by the hollows beneath them.

"I guess you don't 'member me, I've changed so," he said. "Or—is it that you don't want to?"

"Of course I do. It's Sergeant Kanley!"

"Yes, and I've come to you first. You're the only lady in the regiment I'd dare to come to or I'd want to come to—if you'll give me just a few minutes."

For many years she had known Kanley as an efficient and trim non-commissioned officer. His

face told her at a glance that there was far more behind his case than the circumstances related at the time of his disappearance attested.

"Certainly. I always have time to listen or to do anything that I can to help anyone in the regiment."

She showed him into her sitting-room, to a seat in a comfortable chair facing the window, through which the light of day was still streaming.

"I ain't deceivin' myself," he said. "I ain't askin' pardon. I know by the law o' the land, the law o' God, the law o' nature, I deserve no mercy."

At this statement she was a little surprised. But she was too experienced a listener to make any remark.

"I had a squaw for a gran'mother on one side and a Mexican for a gran'dad on t'other. It's the little Injin and the little Greaser that's the devil in my blood. The rest's all right. It's that that's kep' me straight, that that's kep' me out o' trouble when the Injin and Greaser got me drunk in Arizona—you 'member?"

She nodded.

"And I lost my chevrons and got six months' pay, and thanked God that the ballast o' the white man's blood kep' me from doin' murder, just as it

kep' me from joinin' the Apaches and goin' to hell gen'rally. Ever since that, when I seen a Greaser or an Injin, it seems to me as if I seen my own shadow that I was tryin' to get away from and couldn't. But mebbe I'm wastin' your time. Mebbe you think I'm a long time comin' to the point. I'm sayin' it my way, the way I've reasoned it out."

"That is how I want you to say it, so don't try to hurry," replied Mrs. Gerlison.

"Oh, you don't know the hell thoughts I used to have at Reno," he continued, "while my face was a mummy with duty and teachin' rookies regular to put their heels together. But there was the Greaser 'n Injin, the shadow hangin' 'round remindin' me what 'twas to be sloppy, dirty, God-forsaken. I was on t'other side teachin' others to keep the step o' t'other side. It's easier to stick to the road when there's a wagon behind than if you're out o' harness. Well, it—it's dif'rent out here, ain't it, don't you think?" he asked, pleadingly, as he worked the brim of his hat nervously between a thumb and forefinger.

"Very," she replied. "Go on."

"The harness seems to hang loose and there don't seem to be much of any roads. Barricks? Humph! Nipa huts that's the same's all other nipa huts.

There's the monot'ny and the homesickness—allus the homesickness—eggin' one 'nother on. There's the heat drivin' you to one place to get cool and then drivin' you to another. There ain't the shadow a-followin', and when you get off the road nothin' to remind you it's the Greaser 'n Injin that made you stray."

He paused.

"I couldn't say then, I can't say now, whether her face's perty. That ain't the point with her kind any more'n a perty ankle is. It's somethin' down deep—the taint which a white man left. The first time she looked into my eyes she began playin' with the Injin n' Greaser. She was goin' into Cavite from Paranaque and she had no pass.

"'I spik In-glish, Mister Sergeant,' she says, laughin'. 'My father he In-glish sailorman. My mother she don' know. She meet my father. Bimeby she know a great much. She live Cavite. Please me go—one girl. You no care—see my mother.'

"The Injin n' Greaser says to let her go, and I let her go when I had no business to. Yes, her dad was English, the kind that's kicked out of the white man's world, and then kicked from port to port in the Orient. And she knew it. God A'mighty!

how she knew it! It didn't take her long to find out that she'd got in her what the Gugu ain't got. It's the same thing that's in the bowels of a steamer or in a bandolier o' cartridges which look innocent 'nough—force. With it she had the Gugu's cunnin', and that makes a kind of devil that can do things.

"She kep' comin' 'round and talkin' and talkin'. One day she'd say, 'Me good Americano,' and the next, laughin' just as hard, 'Me good insurrecto. Viva Aguinaldo!' All the time she was gettin' information for the insurgents. All the time she was readin' all I thought. One day I was tellin' her what fools the Filipinos was. I'd often reckoned it out, after we'd druv twice our number out o' trenches by front attack, how easy 'twould be, if the Gugus had a man with sand in his craw, to drive us back. All they had to do was to lay to it and keep on firin'. But they always ran soon as we charged, 'stead o' takin' that as a signal that we was all plain targets in the open and to pump it into us. I ain't the only one that's said that. I guess it's been talked in every officers' mess and every canteen in the islands. I talked it like the rest, not thinkin' of it as anything but talk till the Injin n' Greaser and the woman began their partnership."

He shifted uneasily in the chair, as if he had come

to a point in his story where he was at a loss for words.

"Then Busher, the Second Lieutenant, just out o' civil life and no good, swore at me a good deal for his own mistakes. That's another thing that ain't the way it was at the posts, where the Colonel wasn't too busy to keep an eye out. It's the thing, some think, to swear at sergeants out here. This particular time he ripped me up like I was a lazy nigger in a cotton patch. The Injin n' Greaser, who know what growlin' and riot is, but don't know what discipline and order is, rose up and made me feel's if I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Ten minutes after that the woman came slippin' up. She'd overheard the Lieutenant cussin' me out. She just leaned over me and talked. I can feel her breath on my cheek yet. She told me she knew I was like herself. She could see it in my face. I wasn't all white, and people that wasn't all white was outcasts. They wasn't meant to serve white ner black, but to pay the world the revenge they owed it for makin' 'em mongrels. I must come with her. I'd be a general—we'd rule together.

"I can't explain. I dunno how it happened. I went. That's the whole thing. I went sneakin'

'cross the fields with the rifle the Gov'ment give me —went against my country after twenty-five years in harness. She was takin' me to Das Marinas, where I was to drill the Gugu army. That first night we slep' at Cavite Viejo. Toward mornin' I woke up with the Injin n' Greaser all out o' me. It wasn't too late, if I could dodge the Gugu patrols, to get back and explain how I'd been captured and escaped. I got out o' the door, but I hadn't got to the road when the woman stood before me mockin' me with her smile.

" ' You walk your sleep, eh? ' she says, though I could see she knew what I was thinkin' 'bout. She talked and talked, and the Greaser n' Injin heard and come back. It wouldn't have done any good if I'd gone on. She was prepared for any backslidin' and had established guards all 'round. The Greaser n' Injin had me for good then. The next day I was at Das Marinas, and they made me a full colonel and rigged me out in a captured Spanish uniform, which is a great treasure with them. I didn't tell 'em my real name. There was just 'nough white man left in me for that. I took my gran'mother's name, Dark Cloud. My gran'mother! I can 'member her sittin' in a shack mumblin' fortunes for a peso apiece to the Greasers.

"So I started out to make soldiers out o' the little black runts Aguinaldo calls his army. They knocked my theories into shucks. I'd allus said, gimme time and I can make a soldier out o' 'most anybody 'cept a rooky out o' the slums that's been spoiled in a milishy reg'ment. I take it back. It applies only to white men. A white man can be as wicked a man as anybody. But he's got somethin' a man with yeller, brown, or black skin ain't got—somethin' that's been built up by centuries o' havin' to build houses to keep out the cold, I guess. I tried to treat the hayfoots and strawfoots they brought into the square to be drilled as if they was white. Their own officers didn't, you bet. There was no squad. The rookies was put in company drill first off. If they didn't toe it right they was yanked out o' line and a black snake laid on their backs. One day a little, withered turkey-cock of a colonel—they're all colonels, the officers—ran his sword into a poor little Gugu who had all his wits scared out o' him. I couldn't stand that, so I slung the runt 'round and chucked him into a ditch. I expected to be killed by the rest of the Gugus then and there. I would have been, I guess, if the woman, who never let me get far out o' her sight, hadn't sprung to my side like a cat. She harangued 'em and called 'em cow-

ards and pigs, and we went off together. That night she slep' at my door.

"'Maybe they try to kill you. I'll watch,' she said. 'To-morrow I make it all ri' so you no have man who want you die.'

"The next day the fellow I slung into the ditch, meanin' it for his good, was assassinated 'long with two of his friends. That's the way they run their dear republic.

"'You no more Americano,' said the woman. 'You *mestizo* (half-breed) now. You must stick these pigs,' meanin' the rookies. 'They no think you a Don.'

"So I slambanged the rookies about in a way that if I'd done the same to white men, after it was over I'd been still all one piece but perty soft. And they liked me and thought I was a great man. I wanted to teach 'em to fight out in the open, 'stead o' diggin' trenches. The trouble with trenches is that they're so hard to move when t'other fellow comes 'round on the flank. But the Gugu can't fight 'thout he stands behind somethin', any more'n he can use his fists 'stead o' a knife. So we built trenches; that is, the fellows that hew the bamboo and plant the rice built 'em, with the turkey-cock officers struttin' 'bout and puttin' the fear o' God

into 'em. We had a mile of trenches on the Dangwan River by February 1st.

"'Americanos come to bank. No can swim river. We kill all,' says the turkey-cocks.

"'Bout this time the woman and I was married by a Gugu priest. As we come out o' church with a crowd and all the fixin's, I noticed an old Spanish padre on the balcony, smilin' at me, a smile with jaws set and eyes half open. 'Twas plain 'nough he'd seen some o' the world besides the Philippines. The Gugus held him prisoner, but they was half 'fraid o' him. He spoke to me in the lingo o' the Mexican border, which the girl couldn't understand.

"'You—you—you mongrel,' he says, 'who broke the white man's faith, was your mother an Apache or a Yaqui?'

"It seemed's if he'd come all the way 'cross the seas to say that to me. God A'mighty! How it went home!

"So we mustered our army. Oh, it was a great army! It had a bugler that could do the trills 'most as well as old Johnny Tubbs of the Third. It did the manual of arms all right; it could form a line of skirmishers all right, and Lord! how it could cheer! But it had no sand in its craw.

"Just after we heard the Americans was goin' to advance in two or three days, the woman says:

"'You tell the pigs fight. Make grand speech. No go yourself—no, no!'

"She was 'fraid o' nothin' herself and I couldn't understand.

"'Why not?' I says.

"'I love you,' she says. 'I no want you killed.'

"I told her I must or my army—O Lord! my army!—'d run.

"'They run always. The pigs run always when white man come. No can help. They run and leave you alone.'

"I reminded her how she said we was to win victories and rule, and she says, smilin':

"'I say many thing when you mad your Lieutenant, 'cause I want you come. We go always together. We go back, back, back when Americanos come. Bimeby no room on island for us. Then we go Singapore, not?'

"With that some o' the white man come back to me. She see it did, and she talks and talks and says she's only jokin'. And the white man ain't lef' me since. It's kep' a-fightin' with the Greaser 'n Injin, makin' a hell o' my insides that it seemed 'd soon burn me up. But there's just as much

fuel left so far's I can see as there was at the start-off.

"The woman'd been by my side in the fight if the Americans hadn't come a day sooner'n we expected. I oughter known they would. It's the way o' the Service. And it was in the nature o' justice that I had to face my own battalion, my own comp'ny—my own messmates. I could see 'em comin' out o' the bamboo and I let 'em, 'thout givin' the order to fire. Two or three times I tried to give it and the words caught in my throat. A turkey-cock officer looked at me and says, 'Are you betrayin' us?' and I told him to pass the word. Our men laid down, but the old Major stood up lookin' 'round with his glasses. My army—God! my army! —was all shootin' at him. Bimeby he disappeared, and our fellows not comin' on, the Gugus began cheerin', thinkin' they'd won. I knew better. I knew the Major well enough to know what he was up to. He was goin' 'round by the ford with a flankin' party. I knew if I was found there in that uniform, ev'ry man of the men I'd bunked with, yarned with, and fought with 'd put a bullet into my carcass. I knew how I could get that flankin' party on the hip, and I never moved. I let the poor little Gugus chortle over their vict'ry one minute when I

knew the next the trench 'd be a slaughter pit. I'd raised my arm against my country once, but I wasn't goin' to raise it ag'in.

"I slipped down to one end o' the trench and when our men fired I jumped over it and dove into the river, with the yells of the Gugus' pain and panic in my ears. Our fellows lyin' in front of the trench saw me, takin' me for a Gugu o' course, and begun firin'. It was my own comp'ny. I knew there was no horseplay to their shootin'. I slipped behind a root of a tree and let my hat float down stream. They cut holes in the hat and churned the water up 'round it till they seen there wasn't a man under it and quit. In a few minutes they marched off up to the ford to cross over and help the rest in the chase.

"I swum ashore on the American bank. It seemed at that minute's if I was all white ag'in and I'd waked up out o' a nightmare. I wanted the barricks and the parade-ground and the band in the evenin'. I started out, not knowin' just where I'd go, till I was stopped by the sight o' one o' our own men lyin' dead. He'd been overlooked in the haste to catch up with the advance. The band in the evenin' was still in my ears. I was mad with the one idea, and I made to take off his khaki so I might

have the harness ag'in, place o' these rags. Then I saw who the man was. 'Twas Berry, old Tom Berry, that'd give me a hand many a time—my bunky for two years. I buttoned up his blouse, crossed his hands, laid his hat over his face and slunk away. I wanted revenge for his death. I wanted to pay the debt to the shadow that's followed me since I was old 'nough t' reason.

"At first I was for goin' out alone in the brush and gunnin' for Gugu soldiers, a-cuttin' as many notches on my rifle-stock as I could 'fore they got me. But I couldn't get the longin' for the feelin' o' the harness on my back ag'in out o' my head. I want to wear it once more, if only for a day. And I've come to you, Mrs. Gerlison, who can do it for me if anyone can. Yes, death's the only penalty. I expect it. I want a squad to go with me to hunt in the places where I know the prey is and to be killed that way—or any way in harness, so I can pay back a little o' what I owe!"

By way of reply Mrs. Gerlison put a question which, as you will see later, is not as much out of place as it appears to be.

"What became of Private Darklin who deserted from our regiment to the Filipinos?" she asked.

"Died of dysentery," he replied.

"And now as to your request," she said. "You have broken faith twice. You broke faith as an officer to those men in the trenches when you might have saved them. Is it not so?"

"Yes. You're right," he slowly admitted. "Yes, I'm worse'n I thought."

"You know the oath you took when you enlisted. You know the penalty of such offence. I think that there will be no mercy for you, an old non-commissioned officer. Would you show any if you were a commissioned officer and on the court?"

"No."

"Can you justly expect any?"

"No."

"Then there is but one thing for you to do, if you wish to show that you are a soldier again. That is to face the facts and their consequences."

"In jail to-night and never ag'in to wear the uniform, and shot by my messmates! I—I can't do that."

"Then you had better sneak back as you came, to the insurgents. I shall not break your confidence, of course."

"Sneak! sneak!" He weighed the words, while

he pressed his nails into his palms. "I've been Greaser n' Injin enough. I've sneaked enough! I'll go out o' the world with my head up like a man!" As he rose, he added, in the matter-of-fact tone of one who has made up his mind: "I'm go-in' to quarters and give myself up now."

Mrs. Gerlison stepped over to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, smiling as she said:

"The court adjourns, the prisoner having shown himself a man. I know all about the fight at Dang-wan yesterday. It was Darklin, confused with your Dark Cloud, who, we supposed, was in command of the insurgents. As for you, your record has saved you. It was thought that you were honestly captured. No one suspects you. So you will be welcomed back, unless I become a witness against you. Will you promise me that in future death alone shall separate you from duty?"

There were tears in Kanley's voice as well as in his eyes as he said:

"I do, so help me God!"

"And what are you going to tell the Colonel and your fellows?"

"That a dozen insurgents run me in while I was lookin' for mangoes—and not much else."

"And not much else, Sergeant. Remember! A leak may lead to a flood. Good-night."

The story might well end thus in fiction. However, it does not in fact.

More than a month afterward, the Sergeant, a fashion-plate for "non-coms" from his waxed mustache to his shining boots, appeared on Mrs. Gerlison's porch at a favorable hour when she had no visitors.

"It's 'bout the woman," he told her. "Considerin' circumstances, when it comes to anything 'bout her I thought I was bound to come to you. I ought to known I couldn't get her out o' my mind as easy's I thought. Do what I could, I kep' thinkin' o' her. As I heard Paddy Hourigan sayin' to Bill Banby when they didn't know I was listenin':

"'Somethin's eatin' into the Sergeant's mind and he's goin' off his head one o' these days. You'll see.'

"It seemed sometimes as if she was thinkin' o' me to make me think o' her, as if she was talkin' to me and callin' me to come. I used to look over my shoulder as I set in the shade away from everybody, expectin' to see her there, till—well, till I did see

her one afternoon comin' down the street, and no mistake. I went into head-quarters as if I was runnin' from the devil. I begged the Colonel's pardon and pointed her out to him as she passed. She didn't even look up to the buildin'.

" 'She's a spy,' I says. 'She's smarter'n the whole Gugu army put together. She oughtn't to be allowed in town, if I might make the suggestion.'

" He never said a word, 'cept to send a guard t' take her out and warn her not to come back.

" I was so anxious not to have her look at me with her devil's eyes and talk to me ag'in—to guard myself ag'in temptation—that I didn't think she might out with the whole story to the guard and it'd be all over with me. I was in torment for two or three days. Not hearin' anythin', I asked the Corporal of the guard what the lady'd said.

" 'She's a bird!' he says. 'She says nothin' 'cept —says it in English, too—" All ri'. Me good Americano. All ri'. You like make walk hot sun, eh?" And laughed to herself all the way out to the bridge where we left her.'

" You see, she wouldn't do nothin' to harm me. When I realized what that meant, I set by myself more'n more, and there was times, so help me God, when if it hadn't been for the mem'ry o' the look on

your face that night I'd just nacherly gone out into the brush to find her 'thout knowin' what I was doin'.

"But the worst is to come. Last Wednesday the Colonel sent me out with a squad to stop some snipin'. I got on to the snipers all right, and they run soon's I did. The point is they didn't run Gugu fashion. They'd fall and fire, 'bout a dozen of 'em, and then get back, all in good order. They hit two o' my men. I got my mad up and went farther'n I expected. I laid for one that seemed to be doin' all the bossin'. I shot a dozen times and missed him, till finally I sneaked up to within two hundred yards of 'em. They seemed to be waitin' for us, and so I got a bead on the leader and dropped him. At that we charged, and they laid down and, what I couldn't 'count for, not firin' a shot. As I come up to 'em—well, I seen that the leader was a woman—yes, *the* woman—in a Gugu uniform.

"'I want you back. I plan. I get you,' she says.

"I heard a yell, and looked to see three or four hundred Gugus from both sides right on top of us. They had us all right. The woman, so faint she couldn't hardly speak, says to their turkey-cock colonel:

"'Let him go.'

"And the Gugu crowd sneaked off.

"Then she says to me:

"'I no can have you now. Good-by! You go back, be real white man!'

"And that's why," the Sergeant concluded, "I'm wearin' this bit o' crape on my arm. That's why I can never be exactly happy. That's why there ain't a steadier man in the Service now than me. For all the Injin n' Greaser in me died with her."

MARRYING OUT OF THE ARMY

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WHAT remained of the Eleventh was tired, cynical, and business-like. Twenty per cent. of its muster was dead or in the hospital at the close of the fifth day of the movement on Malolos. On the sixth day, as sheer humanity demanded, it was put in the reserve—with the prospect now, at dusk, of being in the advance again on the morrow. In response to the order to halt, the men impulsively, and the officers with a semblance of deliberation, sank to the embankment of the railway. They might be going into camp in five minutes; or, they might have to wait an hour and then march five miles, as every mother's son in the regiment well knew.

Colonel Sterne was seated on the abutment of a bridge spanning a gully which was the course of a torrent in the rainy season. So were the regimental Surgeon and the Major of the Second Battalion—but not the Acting Adjutant, First Lieutenant "Bobby" Sanderson.

Bobby stood on a tie twirling, by its silk tassel,

the gold-headed cane of the late Presidente of Marilao around his finger. The presence of his superabundance of physical energy irritated the old Colonel, who was mopping his brow with one hand and using his hat as a fan with the other.

"Mr. Sanderson," he said, "that stick is property as much as anything else. You must turn it in."

"Yes, sir," Bobby replied. "I was carrying it so as to make sure by turning it in in person."

If the Colonel had any reply it was forgotten in the arrival of an orderly, who told him that the Eleventh would pass the night on the right of a certain road at the edge of a certain grove of bamboo, with the South Dakotas on its left. After the regimental staff had eaten its hardtack and corned beef and drunk its coffee, and was lying on its blankets, it tried, as the whole army was trying, to sleep. For fifteen minutes there was silence. Then, nip-nip, something cut the branches of the mango-trees, and pop-pop, something exploded the hollows of the bamboos.

"Sniping us again," thought the regiment, with half-opened eyes. The Colonel rose up on his elbow. As he did so a dozen bullets passed overhead, and our outposts began to reply.

"How annoying!" he remarked. "I thought

that we should get one comfortable night. Mr. Sanderson, ascertain what it's about."

Bobby's departure was in due time followed by some Krag volleying, which put an end to firing from the other side. Meanwhile a great event had taken place. Bobby, picking his way back through the bamboo thicket, was informed by Fairweather, of Company C, of the news which had travelled as fast as that of a death of a general in the field. The officers of the regiment had postponed sleep to discuss it in the dark.

"The Colonel's just received a telegram from Molly," Fairweather said. "She was to have stayed in Hong-Kong with friends until the Colonel knew where he was to be settled, or, at least, could come to Manila and take care of her. She has replied, saying that she will be in the bay day after tomorrow morning, on the *Lang Wang*, or some such Chinese thing."

"Good for Molly! She inherits the spirit of the Service."

"The old man has been grouchy enough all day," Fairweather concluded, "and this is the straw that about breaks the camel's back."

The regiment was devoted to Molly. Most of the unmarried officers had experienced a period of

being "serious," and when Molly had told them confidentially that she wouldn't think of such a thing as marrying, she made it easy for them to hide their disappointment by publicly and platonically appreciating her as a regimental blessing. Fairweather was one of these, having learned his fate at Dearborn. As for the irresponsible Bobby, he had never been anything like in love since he was sixteen, when he suffered for only a week. Molly had boxed his ears in return for his setting the latest arrival from the Academy on to make love to her; and he had frequently taken money to her to keep against the expense of a vacation in the East. Once he saved all of three months' pay in this way. He spent it, and was owing two months' besides, when he returned with thirty-five cents to his name. The change was in an overcoat pocket where he had overlooked it.

As Bobby approached him, the Colonel was sitting up on his blanket with his hands crossed over his knees looking into space. Bobby saluted. The Colonel nodded.

"Forty or fifty Filipinos crept up a gully, which furnished them protection, two-thirds of the way to our lines," he reported. "I took a platoon and drove them out. Didn't get many, because they

sneaked off as they had come—under cover. They'll be back sniping again early in the morning. I thought if you were willing I would take Sergeant Burke and twenty picked men and creep around behind them, then—the ground permits it; I looked it over—bag the lot."

Bobby had not the slightest idea that the Colonel, who had refused many similar ones, would grant his request.

"Very well," said the Colonel, absent-mindedly.

Bobby wanted to jump into the air and knock his heels together. What he did was to worry in silence, lest the Colonel should change his mind. But the Colonel quite dismissed the subject by pulling a piece of paper out of the inside pocket of his blouse.

"Can you get me a light, Mr. Sanderson?" he asked.

Bobby brought forth a stub of candle from his bedding and held it, while, by its flickering flame, the Colonel read for the tenth time the following:

"'Horrid place. Can't wait here while you're fighting. Arrive Thursday morning on the *Loong Sang*. Don't make target of yourself and do take cover for sake your loving Molly.'"

It did not matter that the cable tolls from Hong-Kong to Manila were ninety cents a word. The

Colonel would have gone on to the parade-ground in a shabby uniform rather than have had Molly know that she was extravagant. Whatever economy, with all his pay to spend, she had practised since her mother's death was purely conscientious. Clearly defined in the shadows, her father's fine old face, with its big Roman nose and military mustache and goatee, told only too well that he considered himself a grossly outraged man. He had received two wounds at San Juan, and before he had fairly recovered had been sent again to the tropics to face the hardships of bushwhacking in the jungle. He "let go" with his lost temper for a moment against the wrongs of the regular Service and closed his little speech with the customary remark (on such occasions) that he was going to resign as soon as these Filipinos were whipped and he decently could.

"Probably she came down from Hong-Kong without any chaperone," he added, leaving off theories to take up conditions. "Of course, Mrs. Gerlison would see that she was established at the hotel with some officer's wife to look after her, and Field would go out for her on the Quartermaster's launch. But that is not like going myself, or having some one from the regiment go."

"You might send me into town on business," Bobby suggested.

"Yes, you always have a way out of everything, don't you, Mr. Sanderson?" said the Colonel, sharply. "Well, it's possible. Malolos is our objective. We'll be in there in the morning, though we may have something of a brush. The railway is intact right up to the lines, and you could go on the train after the engagement. Very well. Good-night, Mr. Sanderson."

"Good-night, Colonel."

Bobby wanted to jump in the air and kick his heels together again at the prospect of seeing Molly and hearing all the "home talk." What he did was to worry again in silence until the Colonel's eyes were closed, for fear that the Colonel would suddenly recall what he had been talking about previously and say: "No, sir; you can't go risking lives stumbling around any gully in the dark."

Shortly before midnight Bobby picked his way among the forms of the men to the side of Sergeant Burke, who, when Bobby shook him, emitted a cuss word for the benefit of the supposed private, and then, recognizing Bobby, jumped to his feet and saluted. Bobby explained his little plan. Flushed with the joy of the thing, Burke went from

one sleeping man to another until he had picked out the twenty best shots in B and C companies.

What followed is a part of the history of the regiment. Suffice it that at dawn, while the General and his staff were drinking their coffee and the artillery was passing up the road to open the engagement, Bobby and the Sergeant appeared on the scene with a picturesque procession behind them. All his men and all the prisoners were either carrying native wounded or bundles of captured rifles.

"Ninety-six Mausers and eighteen Remingtons," Bobby reported, "and a colonel and a major," nodding to two crestfallen little Tagal officers—"who may give you some information."

"Well, well, Mr. Sanderson," said the General, his eyes sparkling under his Quaker hat; "that's more than the whole division has taken in the last three days. How did you do it?"

"They were in a gully. I got behind them, and had them like rats in a sewer with both ends closed. A very valorous deed, sir," Bobby added with a laugh, "considering that we had no casualties."

The General was on the point of offering Bobby a place on his staff. To be trained by the head under that Quaker hat was the same as being a "made man" in the Eighth Army Corps. On

second thought, he apprehended how easy it would be for Bobby to upset even the gravity of a Presbyterian Synod and he postponed consideration of the matter. So Bobby turned over his prisoners and their arms and ammunition to the proper authorities of the division, bade Burke get some breakfast for his men, and, without thinking of any breakfast for himself, hurried off to the Colonel, who, not having slept at all, and having been too nauseated to eat anything, was now almost in a temper because the Adjutant, whom he deceived himself that he could not rely upon at all, was not at his side. Therefore, Bobby worried all through the march into Malolos—for the morning's work cannot be dignified with the name of engagement—lest the Colonel should revoke his leave to go into town. The first of the two daily trains went, and still the Colonel said nothing. An hour before the time set by the Staff Quartermaster for the departure of the second train he was bold enough to recall the subject, saying, in his pleasantest tone:

"Molly's coming in the morning, isn't she?"

"Don't you suppose I know it?" the Colonel snapped. "I've been trying ever since last night to get up enough courage to ask leave to go into town, myself; but I've no business to. It isn't in

the line of duty to meet your daughter; and there's an end of it. So you'll have to go—you'll have to go."

He walked along the rough ballast of the track under the broiling sun with Bobby to the train, calling out as the last of many repeated injunctions:

"See that she's comfortable—no matter what the cost; and tell her that I will come to Manila very soon, and she mustn't think of trying to come out to Malolos."

It took the train four hours to wriggle in the twenty-five miles to Manila, over twisted rails joined together in "some fashion" by the engineers, and past burned stations and deserted villages. Bobby went at once to Calle Nozaleda.

"We can't think of letting Molly go to that abominable Spanish hotel," said Mrs. Gerlison; "she must come and live with me in my abominable Spanish house. What with the things we get from the Commissary, what that rascal, Ah Foy, my cook, buys at the market, and my chafing-dish, I manage to exist. Anyway, it's a lot better than the hotel. So we'll do until the Colonel comes into town and regularly sets up an establishment of his own, which, of course, will put mine in the shade; as I devoutly hope it will, if this heat keeps up."

"That settles it," said Bobby. "I'll telegraph the Colonel the news and he will cut my leave short as a reward for using my influence in behalf of a homeless girl—eh?"

Bobby was not the sole passenger on the First Quartermaster's launch, which steamed out into the lead-colored, glassy bay, already (at 7 A.M.) dully gleaming with the heat of the sun. No more were all the others merely Ministers Plenipotentiary on behalf of officers in the field. Some were the kings themselves. On this morning the joy aboard the old China coast trader was not to be alloyed by the moan of a woman's grief. Two husbands and one son had been wounded, but none had been killed. Bobby, swinging himself up under the rope rail of the gangway, was the first on deck.

"Molly," he cried, as he seized both her hands, "in behalf of the regiment, which sends you its love, I will formally and publicly state that you're looking so fine, all in white, that I've a notion to kiss you, officially, for your father."

She did not reply with fully armed and armored banter as she would have in the old days; and it was the absence of this which first aroused in Bobby's mind the suspicions which were justified by later events.

"Mr. Sanderson!" she said, "you had better not. Mr. Sanderson, how is my father?"

"Mr. Sanderson!" he mocked her. "Mr. Sanderson does not know a thing about your precious father until you call him Bobby. What kind of manners have you been learning on the way across the Pacific?"

"Oh, Bobby, then, quick!" She put her hand on his arm. "Tell me, nothing has happened?"

"Your father is a little tired, without so much as a scratch. We've taken Malolos. He's there with his regiment and sent me to make preparations for you. You're to live with Mrs. Gerlison until he comes to town and fixes something permanent."

"It's very nice of Mrs. Gerlison." Here Molly became unnatural again. "I will call and thank her. But I'm going to stop at the hotel with Mrs. Bickerford, who has kindly chaperoned me down from Hong-Kong."

With this, Molly introduced to Bobby the wife of a well-known and well-to-do political—mark the word, *political*—brigadier-general of volunteers, with whose military career Bobby was quite familiar. It was Bickerford who, having tied his line into a knot and waited three hours for the news-

paper correspondents to come up, charged into the town of Balingtig, where he found in front of the Presidente's house a small fat artist sketching, for an illustrated paper, the sole defender of the town, an aged woman. So Bobby was bound on principle to be merely polite to Mrs. Bickerford and not to like her.

"And this, Mr. Sanderson," Molly continued, turning to a man who was standing by the side of Mrs. Bickerford, "is Mr. Opdyke."

Poor Mr. Opdyke, with moist handkerchief in hand, was suffering from the contrast between the cool air twelve hours off Manila and the oven which the vessel passed into as soon as she was under the lee of Luzon. Mr. Opdyke was large about the waist and had the air of Broadway. Bobby afterward officially described him to the regiment as a "soft importation with three diamond rings—three!" And Bobby held up three fingers as he spoke. Mr. Opdyke's opinion of Bobby, at first sight, was no more complimentary. "I'll bet the young fool couldn't draw his check for three cents," was Mr. Opdyke's mental comment. This was perfectly true. In all the time since his rich uncle secured an appointment to West Point, in order to keep his mischievous nephew out of an apprentice-

ship in his own glue works, Bobby had never had a bank account.

"You'll go off in the Quartermaster's launch, of course," Bobby said. "Shall I help you with your baggage?"

"No, thank you," was the reply. "Mr. Opdyke has some friends in business here and their launch is waiting to get alongside now."

Whereupon Mr. Opdyke seemed as much relieved as if Molly had been snatched from the burning. It was patent to the most superficial observer that he was hopelessly in love with her.

"Then I will hurry back by the afternoon train and assure the Colonel that you are in the best of hands." Bowing, he passed down the gangway.

As he related the incident to Mrs. Gerlison, who was everybody's confidant, he remarked, with a sad shake of his head:

"And Molly's always been such good fun. I thought she would be the last girl in the world to turn snob. Didn't you?"

"Oh, I don't think that she had the slightest idea of being snobbish. You see, others come to maturity, even if you don't, Bobby, and a girl can't always be a tomboy. Besides, I have always had an idea that Molly would marry out of the army

and eventually become a dignified leader of society, anyway."

Mrs. Gerlison watched Bobby narrowly out of the corner of her eye for the effect of her words.

"But what has marrying got to do with it?" he asked. "That's Molly's business; but it's no reason why she should be haughty to the Eleventh."

"If he does, he does not know it," Mrs. Gerlison thought. "And I think he does. What a tumult there'll be if he awakens to it too late"—a remark which you are to interpret for yourself.

A telegram ordering the Eleventh into Manila for police duty passed Bobby on the train on his way to Malolos, where he found the Colonel in good humor with the whole world at the prospect of being with his daughter in the next twenty-four hours, while every officer in the regiment had assured himself that he should have one dance with Molly at the next provost-marshal's "hop." But Molly danced only twice at the next provost-marshal's hop—once with Mr. Opdyke and once with General Bickerford—and went home early. By this time everybody knew that Mr. Opdyke was very rich; and everybody concluded that Molly was going to marry for money. Her old father seemed highly pleased with the arrangement, and he sat facing the

couple every evening when they drove on the Luneta. Tropical campaigning, which led one colonel to resign the first day he was out in the field with his regiment, had awakened him to a sense of his age and disabilities. He was beginning to realize how little would be left for Molly in the event of his death. She would marry well, while he would retire and live near New York. A dozen times he was on the point of resigning, but, when it came to the test, postponed it upon the plea that he owed it to his country to wait until the dry season's campaign was over, at any rate. He did not admit to himself that it was disagreeable for a man who had been mustered out as Major-General of Volunteers in 1865 to be retired as a Colonel as long as there was a hope of becoming a Brigadier in the Regulars. Of course, it did not even occur to him that his love of the Service was too deep-seated for him to be happy out of it.

When he was in the Ayuntamiento one day, the tireless Patient and Well-abused One who ran all the departments of the army with his pad and pencil and still had time to keep track of army gossip, looked up from his desk and said:

"So you think your daughter will live in New York—eh, Sterne?"

"Well, I think the army doesn't offer much re-

ward, and I want to see my child well settled in life. Why, you've often expressed such opinions yourself."

"Yes, yes, we all talk. Behind it all, once in the Service, you are forever of it. We don't like to lose such a girl as Molly."

"He'll be overlooking my table expenses yet," growled the Colonel as he left the room.

"Pudge" Bilter, who received his nickname at the Academy, took Molly's desertion most seriously of all the officers of the Eleventh—on principle, not that he entertained any hopes for himself. He had proposed to Molly within a fortnight after he joined the regiment; had thought seriously of suicide, and then turned philosopher. It was more than a month after Molly arrived when he buttonholed Bobby, one day, on the Escolta, and said, impetuously, after a circumlocutory introduction:

"Bobby, it's a pity. She's going to be awfully unhappy with that fellow. I wouldn't mind so much if he were the real thing of his kind. He isn't. Do you think he is?"

"Oh, I suppose he's a real thing of some kind—but not my kind. Three diamond rings. Three!"

"You're to blame, Bobby. You could keep her in the regiment if you would."

"I could? How, for Heaven's sake?"

"You're the only fellow in the regiment who could, and why don't you get her away from that soft thing?"

"Pudge, you're suffering from the heat; you had better step under the awning there for a time and fan yourself. Morning!"

Bobby frequently passed a few words—but only a few—with Molly on the Luneta in the evening. She still addressed him by the name by which he was known throughout the army. Their banter still had the form, but none of the heart, of the old days. The evening after Pudge's outburst it happened that neither her father nor Mr. Opdyke was with her. She moved over to make room for him on the seat by her side; and she spoke with something of the old confidential fellowship.

"Mr. Opdyke has gone over to Cavite," she said. "He's been very patient, you know, Bobby."

"About what?" he asked, innocently.

"About the military situation, of course. I have promised him an answer to-morrow and I'm going to say yes, I suppose. But, Bobby, I shouldn't have told you that. What was I thinking of to tell you? You mustn't breathe a word! Promise!" She seized his arm in a little fury of insistence.

"What do you think? Did I breathe a word

when you told me how when Pudge fell upon his knees at the psychological moment he slipped on the grass and slid all the way down the terrace——"

"Oh, Bobby, that was so wicked of me."

"Molly, I don't understand it. I mean we hate to lose you. I mean——" Bobby spoke incoherently and almost angrily. The color was coming and going in his face. "I thought that any one of the fellows in the regiment was better than—I mean Fairweather, Stokes, and Pudge—they worship the ground you walk on."

"Oh! So I'm not to be considered in the matter of choosing my husband?"

"I mean, Molly, we don't want to lose you. Of course, it's none of our business. You have been so long with the regiment, you see. I congratulate you. You shall have a wedding present worthy of the daughter of the regiment. A great present, Molly—pardon me for a moment—there's Major Symes—and I have something to say to him."

"And, Bobby, you're sure you won't tell." She detained him a moment. "It will be announced regularly, you know."

"'Pon honor. Forget what I said. You know

that its source is the most thoughtless and least serious man in the regiment. Molly, it's quite proper. You're too fine to waste your life in a garrison town."

Bobby merely told Major Symes that the sunset was unusually beautiful. Then he went straight to the barnlike building on the Calle Real, formerly occupied by a Spanish official, which was his living quarters. There the growing storm burst; there came the "tumult" and the "awakening" which Mrs. Gerlison had prophesied.

"What a girl like that can see in a man like that!" he exclaimed, gritting his teeth as he peeled off his blouse and threw it into a corner.

He seized a foil and began lunging about the room as if he were cutting his way out of a *cul-de-sac;* and finally, in his outburst of childish wrath, he thrust at the screen, which stood before the door, knocking it over and nearly precipitating himself as well into the arms of the Colonel, who was not the man to call frequently upon his subalterns and expected to be received with arms at attention instead of with fixed bayonets.

"Damnation! what do you mean, sir?" he demanded.

"I was practising with the foil, sir, but I assure

In his outburst of wrath he thrust at the screen.

you that I was not thinking of you in the light of an opponent. Won't you come in?"

"No; I merely stopped in passing to tell you that General MacArthur has asked you to come on his staff. I had even assured him that you would settle down."

"Exactly what I was trying to do, sir. Won't you come in?"

"No. Good-evening, Mr. Sanderson," stamping down the stairs.

The Colonel had been told of his daughter's intention that afternoon. He thought it meant the consummation of all his plans. Yet he had refused to go riding because he did not feel well and had taken a public carromata all the way out to Calle Real with a weight upon his mind, whose bulk he fully appreciated, but whose nature he did not understand any more than he could understand why he wanted to see and talk with his Adjutant, "the most hare-brained youngster in the army," whom he could never rely upon.

But this incident quite decided him that he was tired of the Service. In fact, he kept repeating to himself all the way back that he would be supremely happy on the retired list if he were not far away from Molly.

"Well, my girl," he told her after he arrived home, "it's better to be a millionaire's wife than to live on a captain's pay! I'm satisfied. But I didn't say a word to influence you, did I?"

"Not a word, Daddy——"

He started into his own room, but stopped on the threshold to say: "And mind, Molly, don't you have him if you don't want to. Take your time, Molly. The army has its attractions."

"You may be very sure I won't," replied Molly, who seemed very much preoccupied. "I've thought it all over, Daddy."

The old gentleman went "rummaging about" in his room, picking things up and laying them down absent-mindedly. He opened his trunk and took out of a little case a plain bronze medal—the kind which are not struck by the bushel. It was from the Congress of the United States to First Lieutenant Edward E. Sterne "for rescuing the colors of his regiment from the enemy at Chancellorsville." As he fondled it, he said, confidentially:

"I was a good deal such a colt as young Sanderson, myself, in those days."

To return to Bobby. After the Colonel's departure, he concluded that a shower-bath would bring him to his senses. It merely hastened the

awakening process. He told the other officers of the mess that he was going out to dinner, though he did not know where. He passed across the Luneta and down the Malecon at a furious gait. Then he went through the Walled City, past the Bridge of Spain and across the suspension bridge, where he unconsciously turned his rapid strides toward the street where the Colonel lived.

I can assure you that he had no intention of entering. He says, himself, that he had not. But a familiar voice from the Colonel's yard after he was by the gate called:

"Bobby, do you pass your friends without speaking?"

"No, never, Molly. At least, not when they speak first." A few steps, and he was sitting beside her on the bench in a little arbor.

"You're quite sure you haven't told anybody—not even Mrs. Gerlison?"

Of all things Bobby did not want to recur to this subject. Yet he began talking about it, and immediately, as he knew that he would, began saying things that he ought not to say.

"I hope you didn't misunderstand me this evening. I wanted to congratulate you—I mean—" he began, "I mean the regiment didn't want to

lose you. We thought some fellow in the regiment eventually would—why, every unmarried man except Dodge and myself——"

His effort to laugh was a tragic failure.

"And if," he continued, "if I thought—I'm going to say it no matter if I am ridiculous—if I thought that you would care for such a buster as I am, why, Molly, I would go on my knees with you to a chaplain to-night."

"Bobby!" She held out both hands. "You needn't do that, Bobby. For I'll want to lean on your arm. Only, we will wait a few days."

The manner of making this contract was abrupt; but no one shall gainsay that it was characteristic; or somewhat in keeping with the ways of the Service.

When Mrs. Gerlison came up to the Sternes's carriage on the Luneta she officially welcomed Molly back to the Service and afterward whispered to her:

"And, my dear, didn't you really know that you cared for him until that evening?"

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"How delightful it is to be young," Mrs. Gerlison remarked, incidentally.

THE TAMING OF THE CAPTAIN

THE TAMING OF THE CAPTAIN

"I DIDN'T see you on the Luneta this evening," said Mrs. Gerlison to Captain Leeds, of Hospital Number 1, as he took a seat on her veranda after dinner.

"No," replied the weary giant—a giant with a little blonde mustache and a very high forehead—leaning over and twirling his cap around his thumbs.

"You missed a beautiful sunset."

"Yes?"

"Grumpy?"

"Yes. Awfully grumpy, Mrs. Gerlison."

"Overworked, you mean. Trying to do two days' work in one in the tropics. When will you get your nose off the grindstone for the one glorious hour of the day in Manila?"

"It's more restful to see the sunsets through your eyes. I always come to you. You are the sovereign balm for blues."

This woman of forty was used to such remarks from this man of twenty-eight.

"And what is the specific trouble to-night?" she asked. "Has the Patient and Well-Abused One been denying you the zinc to make a sink because they didn't have zinc sinks in the Civil War?"

"No. It's another Florence Nightingale!"

"Poor boy!" she said, shaking her head dubiously.

"I've had clear boards for a week. Worked all kinds of dodges to get them transferred to the other hospitals—and here is another—specially asked to come to me!"

"Po-or boy!" Mrs. Gerlison repeated.

"Worse yet. She's the daughter of a Senator! Think of how she'll fill the malingerers with champagne, overload the stomachs of fever patients, and raise riot generally!"

"Po-oor, po-oor persecuted boy!"

He looked up into Mrs. Gerlison's eyes, which were twinkling. She was still shaking her head and her fan at him. Whereupon, he saw what he had come to Mrs. Gerlison to see: that is, how ridiculous he was—and he burst out laughing.

"Didn't I say that sunsets were as nothing compared to you?" he exclaimed. "I have it!" he added. "I'll put the Senator's daughter in the Light Diet Kitchen, poaching eggs and making

toast—and she'll burn her fingers on that damnable contraption of a stove which I took by main force one night from the Quartermaster's Department when it properly belongs to Mrs. Colonel Dyer. She'd still be looking for it, if the Quartermaster, to save himself, hadn't told her that it slipped off a casco into the bay when it was being unloaded from the transport. Yes, the Senator's daughter'll burn her fingers; she'll call me a brutal military tyrant, and go home to tell her father all about it. Maybe there'll be resolutions in the Senate: 'Whereas, the Senator's daughter burned her fingers——'"

"Now let me preach just a little:

"Your experience at Chickamauga with the New York rookies blinded you to the merits of everything on the earth but a hospital corps man of three years' training. We were all volunteers in the beginning. If one is capable of the good use of power, as I know that you are, he ought to plan to attain power."

"Just as you have done to make yourself the most influential woman in the Philippines."

"But I'm not. I've done no planning. I do try to be helpful."

"Then you fail to practise your own theory."

"S-s-h! Didn't I tell you in the beginning that

it was a sermon? Now I fancy that you are going to find the Senator's daughter a lovely girl who wants to do something besides flutter around in Washington. If you are nice to her she certainly will be less bothersome than if you are not nice."

"I hope that I shall always be decently polite to women, even to the daughter of a Senator who gets commissions for the worthless sons of his political lieutenants."

"S-s-h! She won't keep at it long. They never do. In a month they can learn enough to last them a lifetime. And if you will simply behave she will go back to Washington and tell her father what a dear you are—and that may mean promotion."

"Never! never! She goes to the Light Diet Kitchen," he said, merrily, as he rose to go. "Thank you, O sovereign cure for the blues!"

"I suppose you will forbid me coming over with newspapers and talking with the sick pretty soon," she called after him; "and put up a sign, 'Ladies passing in the street will please cross themselves and utter a prayer begging forgiveness for the crime of their sex.'"

"No, not you, Mrs. Gerlison. You are always welcome. You are a real layman—you don't try to prescribe or be a doctor or a nurse or something

that you're not. If a woman will only come into the hospital and be a woman—that's what we want. But they always insist upon being either something extremely tragic or else something extremely technical and practical."

Back at his desk in the hospital, he was the erect, self-possessed, exacting officer, applying himself again with energy after his little recess from school to the care of 400 sick men and the training of a hundred or more recruits enlisted in the States and dumped in Manila as so much raw material varying in flexibility. Thus he worked far into night writing, drawing, and planning in his fight against Spanish filth, until weariness began to stale his ideas, when he found himself too nervous to sleep well.

He was awake as soon as his junior assistants, whom he drove to bed at nine, and, freshened by his shower-bath and coffee, he cheerfully attacked the problems of the day. Greater stimulant than these —there was the Senator's daughter! He was interested, as he put it in his own mind, to see the nose of Miss Dodsworth go up when he proposed a course in the Light Diet Kitchen in the month of May in Manila.

Now, Miss Dodsworth had taken quarters just

across from the hospital so as to be near her work. He had not expected her before nine, and she arrived before eight. She was clad in a neat-fitting lawn gown. At a first glance, Leeds could not help noticing that gown, which shone so by comparison in a community garbed by Chinese tailors. She was small of stature and compact, with a rather pronounced chin and slightly retroussé nose—altogether comely.

With a very-much-at-home air she accepted the Captain's outstretched hand and sat down without being asked.

"They offered me my choice of hospitals," she explained. "When I found that you had no woman here I chose this one at once, of course."

"How good of you!" he said, quite forgetting the gown.

"I am ready for an assignment."

"You will be of most assistance in the Light Diet Kitchen, now."

"What is that?—I mean—of course, I know."

"To poach eggs nicely, make custards and such things for convalescents who can retain nothing else on their stomachs."

"Of course," she put in with asperity. "I said that I knew what a Light Diet Kitchen was."

He picked up a little system of cards.

"The Sergeant will explain these to you. They merely hold others accountable to you and you accountable to others, so that by reaching up to this cabinet I can trace any error to its source and correct it."

"What nonsensical red tape!" she exclaimed.

"Do you take a check for your cloak when you go to the theatre?" he asked abruptly, as he saw her anger rising and began to hope that she might ask immediately to be transferred to some other hospital.

"Yes, if I want to."

"You do if you leave it in the cloak-room?"

"Yes."

"Strange. What is your father's occupation?"

"If you wish to know very much, he's a manufacturer. Why don't you write it down on your cards? What has it to do with the hospital?"

"Is he bankrupt?"

"No, he isn't!" As she told a friend afterward, she was "just mad all through" by this time.

"Then you will find that he has a system of checks and counterchecks which places responsibility for every article coming in or going out of his factory. There are people who also think that government

institutions should be run on business principles. As a consequence, I am running this hospital, efficiently, my superiors say, with one-half the force used for the same number of patients at any of the great chaotic camps during the Spanish War."

He thought that he was making himself very disagreeable.

"Indeed!" said Miss Dodsworth. "Thank you."

Leeds wanted to say: "That was a beautiful return," but he only added, "I have rung for the Sergeant, who will be here in a moment. Meanwhile, you will pardon me if I go over these orders."

"Oh, don't trouble. Perhaps I might inquire my way to the Light Diet Kitchen and save the Sergeant time. Do I cut my own wood?"

"You may if you think it will make the eggs any better. The eggs are the result to be achieved. I will leave the details to you."

Here the Sergeant appeared. The Captain gave him the cards and instructions.

"Good-morning, Miss Dodsworth. I hope that your poached eggs will win the hearts of our patients."

She turned to him with a little courtesy. (In fact,

it was a very fine and challenging little courtesy; for she had enough presence of mind not to stamp her foot, though she did thrust it forward.)

"I was told all about you last night," she said. "What you have said this morning quite bears out your reputation as a military tyrant. Probably you think that I can't poach eggs. You will find that I can. You will also find that I propose to stand on my rights. I am going to do something besides poach eggs. I am going to do what I can to lighten the hearts of patients here, whom you regard as so many blocks of wood."

The old Sergeant's blue eyes twinkled—twinkled into the Captain's in an understanding which is not expressed in official language.

"Delightful, Miss Dodsworth," said the Captain. "You recognize the usual procedure—of a declaration of war before hostilities begin."

"Wasn't she sassy?" he exclaimed to himself after she had passed out. "But of course the pretty young thing can't poach eggs."

The Sergeant explained the method of the cards, which, after all, was as simple as daylight, and introduced Miss Dodsworth to Biggins, a private of the hospital corps, whom she was to succeed as poacher of eggs and maker of custards.

"The heat's something awful, miss," he said, in a tone of kindly, respectful fellowship, "and if you find it too bad just call on me and I'll help you out. The Captain's strict all right, you'll find, and he doesn't see why others can't work as hard's himself."

"Yes. You poor men must suffer a great deal. If you have any grievances, come to me. I am here to see justice done. I am Senator Dodsworth's daughter."

"Well, miss," he said, coldly, "count me out on that. The Captain's my kind of an officer. It's because of the likes of him that the regulars is always fed and comf'table and know their work, and the volunteers ain't and don't."

"So calloused to the yoke that he likes it, poor man," she thought.

Biggins hurried across the court to catch up with the Sergeant, to whom, in justice to his Captain, he reported all that Miss Dodsworth had said.

"She's goin' to get up some row in the papers," Biggins concluded, weightily. "That's what she's goin' to do, and I thought you ought to be warned."

"All right, Biggins," the Sergeant said. "I ain't going to tell the Captain yet. He's got enough

to worry about. I'll just keep an eye on her, myself. Mebbe I'll have to train the Senator's daughter a little."

At this stage of the world's progress, Miss Dodsworth was sucking a blistered finger, but in nowise shaken in her determination to show the Captain that she could poach eggs. In place of a gauntlet she sent him for tiffin two which rested as lightly upon their bed of toast as two lotus flowers.

As she was leaving the hospital in the evening the Captain was entering his office. He lifted his cap.

"Your eggs were delicious, Miss Dodsworth," he said.

She made a salute of mock humility.

"I hope that any amiability which you may have absorbed from them may be bestowed on your patients," she replied, and started on.

He arrested her with a gesture and the impulse of parrying the thrust.

"How did you account for the two eggs on the cards?"

"I wrote, 'Two eggs for the Pooh Bah.'"

"That will never do"—and he preserved a solemn countenance. "The commissioned officers' mess is quite separate. It is robbing the men. I

will send two eggs to the storeroom and we can tear up the card."

"Thank you," she replied; and passed on.

After he had told Mrs. Gerlison everything, Mrs. Gerlison did not surprise him by quietly remarking that she had heard both sides of the controversy.

"Yes. I met her this evening on the Luneta," she said. "She's a spirited girl. What do you think she called you? The Duke of Alva."

"Ripping! ripping!" He hugged his knee and rocked his body back and forth. "Go on. Tell me s'more!"

"To be exact, she said that you were an unbending, heartless brute, who could vivisect a fawn while looking into its weeping eyes and incidentally cuff it for being so demonstrative."

"Lovely! What did you tell her?"

"That if she could see the way you slouch on my porch sometimes she wouldn't think you unbending. I spoke of your distinguished conduct on the night of the outbreak and tried generally to improve her opinion of you."

"The deuce you did! Why, you'll spoil all the fun."

"Oh, no, I won't. The young lady merely said

that she knew of course the regulars all held together."

"Good!"

"And now, boy, I want to tell you again that you're making a mistake. The girl is matching her power—the power of her father and her friends—against you, and they can make you trouble. Please, boy, do be sensible."

"They might take my hospital away from me! They might Dreyfus me—but not my commission! For that we go back to the people. But don't put it in that light or you'll spoil all the fun, I say."

"She's so angry with you—you know the insidious effect of the climate—she may work herself ill."

"I'll trust a Senator's daughter not to do that. You'll see. She'll soon be leaving the eggs and the custards to Biggins."

His prophecy was fulfilled the next day, when Miss Dodsworth divided her time between the Light Diet Kitchen and the wards in pursuit of her intention to make a thorough investigation of conditions at the hospital. In Ward Number 2 her sympathy was immediately drawn to Pike, who, if he had been at Montauk in the lugubrious days, could have shed hot tears at the approach of every Lady

Bountiful. At Manila he was in poor pickings; but his hopes brightened the minute that he saw Miss Dodsworth, knowing intuitively that she was his kind. With a feeling of pride in his superiority, he watched the other fellows along the line fumbling their "graft."

"It's so seldom we sees women here," he told the Senator's daughter, "that I had to rub my eyes, miss, to make sure you wasn't an angel."

"How long have you been in the hospital, poor fellow?" she asked.

"A month now," he said. "Oh, I'll never be fit to go back to duty. It's the climate and me knee. I'm goin' all to pieces. Me knee was injured in a charge, and it's like boils. Never teched foot to ground since. The doctors can't do nawthin' for it and say I'm shammin'."

"What doctors?"

"The Captain, and all of 'em. Yes, sha-a-min'! Me what hates being shut up in the house and loves to be out fightin'. I get weaker 'n' weaker, and I'll jest keep gettin' weaker 'n' weaker and the doctors'll keep me here! Oh, if I could only die at home, miss!"

The clear-eyed young soldier with a bandage on his shoulder partially rose from the next cot and

grinned. Miss Dodsworth was too absorbed to notice him.

"You shall—you shall *live* at home!" she exclaimed. She had searched for treasure and had at last found it. "Meanwhile, cheer up, poor fellow. I can see how weak you are. You shall have a little champagne. I know that that is strengthening."

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno," said the man in the next cot, in an undertone; "I dunno but I need sympathy, myself."

The Sergeant entered from the opposite end of the ward just as Miss Dodsworth was leaving at the other. He saw that the men around Pike were grinning and smelled mice at once. When he spoke to Pike, the malingerer assured the Sergeant that he had said "scurcely" a word to the lady. He then went to Miss Dodsworth, who was in a high state of indignation.

"Miss, if you don't mind, I'd like to warn you against that man, Pike," he said. "He's a hobo that sneaked into the army under the bars—and they sometimes will, do the best you can."

"How do you know that he is?" she demanded, with the flashing eyes of an agitator hewing her way through injustice with broadsword blows.

"He funked and lay down behind a dike in his

first scrap and claimed that his knee was hurt. Been so sore he couldn't touch his foot to the ground ever since when the doctors was about. Miss, he's a malingerer."

"How do you know he is?"

"Personal investigation, miss. I stayed up one night just to satisfy myself. If you touch his knee when he's awake he yells bloody murder and he's always got his leg bent. When he was asleep that leg was stretched out straight and I felt all around his knee-cap without waking him."

"Did the Captain tell you to tell me all this?"

"No, miss. He don't delegate his talkin'. He's pretty well able to do it himself."

"Yes. You just carry out the brutalities that he doesn't care to carry out in person. Because you've got a stripe on your arm and get a few dollars a month more than the other men you can tyrannize over them like a plantation overseer in slave times!"

This brought the color to the Sergeant's cheeks. He was still in the Service at his age for the love of it, and at one-third of the pay that he could get in civil life.

"Miss, you can call me any kind of brute you want to, but when it comes to the Captain I'm bound

to speak up. Brute is it ? I've known him to walk when he was sicker'n his horse. I've seen him sleep cold and give his blanket to one of his men. But he didn't say it loud enough for the whole camp to hear: 'Here you are, old man, take my blanket!' He didn't get his name in the papers. He just said: 'Biggins, take this blanket.' That's his way. He was born to it. And I'm thinking it's a good thing some of us was born to it or there'd be no order."

Having delivered himself of this little lecture, the Sergeant pointed straight for the Captain's office, where it happened that that very brutal officer was in the midst of a letter, making still another attempt to get two brave men, whose lives he knew depended upon it, started for home on the next transport.

"Pike's been filling Miss Dodsworth up with guff and she takes his part," he reported. "She called me a brute and wouldn't listen to my advice. I overheard her say she was going to give him champagne."

"Supposing she did give him champagne?"

"Too much vino's the seat of his trouble anyway. 'Twould set him off."

"And maybe he would forget that sick leg and we should have indisputable evidence of his shamming?"

"Mebbe. Yes, sir."

"Well, let the matter stand."

Then the Captain picked up a duplicating pad and sent this note marked "copy" to Miss Dodsworth:

"Pike is suffering from alcoholism and, I am convinced, is a malingerer. Sympathy shown to him will be derogatory to discipline. I trust that you will realize the bad effect of questioning the Sergeant's authority before the men."

It merely increased the receiver's vexation. Instead of going to the Luneta before dinner she went to the Commissary. As there were no pint bottles in stock she got a quart bottle of champagne. When she gave a glass to Pike he said it was life to him, only he was so weak that it had little effect. Eventually, he wheedled three glasses out of her.

"I'll come to see you the first thing in the morning," she said. "Be of good heart. I'm going to see the General about your case myself."

If she could have seen how ravenously his eye followed the bottle as she took it out of the ward it would not have prepared her, but it would certainly have prepared the Sergeant, for what followed. At one o'clock in the morning she was awakened by a noise at her window. She sprang up and looked to

see, ghoulish in expression by the light of the match she had just struck, Pike's face.

"Come to get the rest of that champagne, my angel," he said, in a maudlin voice.

The idea of calling upon her had not occurred to him until after crawling under cover of the shadows, to avoid the sentries, to the officers' kitchen, he had re-enforced his imagination with a pint of sherry.

Miss Dodsworth, who was alone in her quarters, called to him hysterically to leave her window. By way of reply he began to crawl in. She ran to the door and out of it, not knowing where she should go to escape from this beast at that hour when the streets were deserted, until she saw that there was still a light in the office of the bloody military tyrant who held sway over Military Hospital Number 1.

He was interrupted in writing a report by the appearance of a young woman in pajamas and a state of terror, who cried, "Pike is in my room!" and then slipped behind a screen.

He met Pike (who had followed Miss Dodsworth) almost at the threshold. At the sight of the Captain, the malingerer lifted his foot from the ground and moaned: "The pain in me knee must 'a' driv' me mad!"

"Go into the Sergeant's office! You are under

arrest," Leeds told him. "And you might as well walk on both feet again."

"Yes, I guess I've worked that graft out, all right," Pike replied, as he obeyed.

"Now, Miss Dodsworth," the Captain called, "you may return to your room. I regret that my sentries are so inefficient that any patient should leave the hospital without detection."

He turned his back to the door and waited until the pat of small feet unmistakably bare passed out of hearing on the other side of the street.

It was late when Miss Dodsworth entered the hospital next morning. Leeds was just returning from inspection, his sword, unbuckled as soon as the function was over, in his hand.

"I came to thank you for last night," she said, "and to surrender."

"And with all the honors of war," he replied, "if you will accept my apologies."

"Go into the Sergeant's office! You are under arrest."

II

Miss Dodsworth made custards until luncheon, but she did not appear at the hospital in the afternoon. The next morning Leeds received a note from her saying that she was not well and that she had decided to give up the work.

"I can poach eggs just as skilfully as Biggins," she added, "only I'm afraid I never can stand the heat as he does. I take this opportunity to confess that I spoke disparagingly of you to him and to the Sergeant. That was unwarranted. I made it a point to tell them so yesterday. You are, no doubt, a very efficient officer."

Leeds chuckled as he read.

"Though she looks down from a high place, she is bound to be just, at any rate," he thought.

Suddenly he became serious.

"I wonder if I had anything to do with making her ill!" he exclaimed.

At heart, he was ever all kindness and gentleness. He saw the part that he had played in the last two days in a new light. Looking at the matter

from her side, he understood how she might well have considered him a brute.

When he replied, expressing regret that she was not to remain in the hospital, he was intensely in earnest. He closed the note with what (so he concluded twenty-four hours later) was the most awkward thing he had ever written:

"I'm afraid that my enjoyment of combat carried the thing too far. I thought you enjoyed it, too. Really, I am not a blood-thirsty monster; and, really, I have some manners. If I might have the chance, now, I would show you that I have. I hope your indisposition will be slight. My great fear is that I am to blame for it."

She replied:

"Of course, I know you have manners. Of course, I enjoyed them. I have told you that I consider you an efficient officer. If my testimonial to your superior officer is of any use, say so, and I will write it; also, one for the Sergeant. I now realize that it is superficial judgment which considers self-importance as a sure sign of inefficiency."

Clearly, Miss Dodsworth, in closing the incident, had scored again. Leeds felt extremely "mean," at the same time that he was conscious of increased admiration for her. He had the satisfaction, at

least, that he had done everything decency might require when she flew to him as a refuge from Pike. That evening he went to Mrs. Gerlison to find out if her illness was serious or trifling (as he had supposed). Now that he was interested in her, he proceeded to show, in the plainest way, that he was by not coming directly to the point.

"I suppose you've heard that my Florence Nightingale has departed," he said, nonchalantly.

"Yes. I wonder you're not a wreath of smiles. Has another come to take her place?"

"No, and no news of any."

"You say it as if you were disappointed."

"Well, you see I've no one to entertain me, now. Miss Dodsworth was rather clever. Did she say anything about Pike calling on her at one o'clock in the morning?"

"No. I haven't heard any gossip from her."

He related the story.

"Naturally, she wouldn't tell an experience like that. I don't know of any woman that would."

Leeds now felt as if he had been caught red-handed in a crime.

"Of course, of course," he said, moodily. "Mrs. Gerlison, I'm afraid that hospital work is about all

I am efficient in. I know you won't repeat the story, will you? And I'll speak to the Sergeant."

"You grow wise. I have always said that you were capable of learning, boy."

"Do you know?—she isn't seriously ill, is she?"

"Yes, I think she is. She took to her bed in a high fever this afternoon. If she isn't better in the morning, she's to be brought here. The doctor fears that she is in for a bad time of it."

"Who? What doctor?" he asked, quickly.

"Linwood. Have you any objection to him?" she asked, puckering her brows.

It seemed to Leeds that she had been unusually cold from the first, that evening.

"Oh, no," he said. "But she ought to go to a hospital. She would get better care there."

"Thank you. To what hospital? Yours? To your Light Diet Kitchen?"

Her sarcasm put his conscience upon a bed of coals.

"Then you think that I am responsible for her illness?"

"I have not said that," she replied. "What do *you* think?"

"But she was not in the Light Diet Kitchen five hours altogether. I made no objection when she

left it to visit the men. I couldn't help it because Pike got away and followed her. I warned her not to give him champagne. If she hadn't, he wouldn't have got out of hand."

"Oh, officially, you are quite correct. You always are."

"But," he fairly pleaded, "I'm not so terribly—well, incorrect—that's your word—anyway. I mean, I'm not responsible."

"I have just said that you weren't."

"But you said it in a way that implied otherwise."

"I did! Then you think that I'm incapable of expressing clearly what I mean?"

"No. I think that you have more ways of intimating what you mean than any woman I have ever known. How am I responsible?"

"There are times when, if a person does not *know*, there is no need of telling him. This is one. You must see for yourself or remain in ignorance."

"You are not amiable this evening. I think I had better be going."

He stopped halfway down the walk and called back:

"Promise me that you won't tell her that I told

you about her experience with Pike! It might worry her—have a bad effect."

"Oh, no," she replied. "The doctor says she must not be irritated. I'm not likely to mention *you*."

He pondered on what Mrs. Gerlison had meant until he thought that he had reached a solution. He had unnecessarily tantalized Miss Dodsworth; she had wrought herself to too high a pitch in combating him. He began to appreciate more fully the shock to her of being driven out of her room by Pike and the humiliation of having to flee, in night attire, to the arms of her arch enemy. He had been official, but unmanly and unappreciative of a woman's fine sense of pride or her delicate constitution. If he had been sitting on a Board for the consideration of his own case he would have dismissed himself from the Service for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a *gentleman*."

He learned from other sources, the next day, that Miss Dodsworth had been taken to Mrs. Gerlison's. Before dinner, he walked out to the Luneta. Mrs. Gerlison was not there. Her absence suggested that the patient must be worse. After dinner, he went to her house, where he found her on the veranda. As soon as she saw him she started down the walk to meet him.

"My patient's asleep, and if we talked it would disturb her, especially, if she knew that it was you who—" she seemed to check herself in the middle of an indiscreet sentence. "So we'll walk back and forth for exercise in place of my usual outing on the Luneta, if you don't mind."

"Is she really very ill?" he demanded.

"Yes. Linwood says that the crisis won't come for two or three days."

He started a flood of professional questions.

"You must ask Linwood," she said. "He is official, you see."

"What does she say? Does she think that I'm responsible?"

"I haven't heard her mention your name."

"Well, I've thought over what you said last night, and I feel that I am, in a sense, to blame."

"Yes? Well, let us hope that she will soon be better. You didn't go to the Luneta this evening?"

"Yes."

"You did! What could have taken you away from the shop?"

"Why—I—I went to see if you were there—to ask about her."

"Oh! I hope you did not suffer too much from the relaxation."

For the next week, while Leeds still attended strictly to his duties his thoughts were upon an extraneous subject. Finding little that was definite and all that was ominous and exasperating in the replies of Mrs. Gerlison, who was worn with nursing, to his questions, he went to Linwood for information. Linwood said that Miss Dodsworth's life, in a crisis, hung by a thread. Leeds felt the more helpless because he had to remain inactive, and to conceal his belief that Linwood was not doing all that might be done. When he asked Linwood to send him a note twice a day as to her condition, Linwood showed by his smile that he smelled a mouse. This sunk Leeds deeper in trouble. He feared that the Luneta soon would be linking two names together in a new theme of gossip. But to protest or attempt to explain to Linwood would only make matters worse.

Miss Dodsworth survived; and her recovery was rapid. During her convalescence Leeds called in every expert in the city to make ice-cream; he sent her California oranges, Anam mangosteens, and flowers. Meanwhile, Mrs. Gerlison had as good as forbidden him her house. She always met him gingerly with a bulletin at the edge of the veranda. So he came to send his delicacies (with his card at-

tached) by messenger rather than deliver them in person; and he looked in vain for any thanks or acknowledgment.

When he heard that Miss Dodsworth was so much better that she had been driving with Mrs. Gerlison on the Luneta, he was among the first to arrive there on the next evening. Miss Dodsworth, thin and pale, was with Mrs. Gerlison again. Leeds summoned his courage, and approached the carriage; but Mrs. Gerlison only bowed as she drove away. After dinner, he went to her home. This time, she allowed him on the veranda.

"For such old friends as we are," he said, "I thought you were somewhat unkind not to let me speak to you this evening."

"Oh, if I had been alone it would have been different," she replied.

"But I want to see Miss Dodsworth. I must—I will—apologize to her. I thought that the fruit and other things would open the way—would let her know—that I realized that I had been rude and brutal. You told her that it was I who sent them?"

"Why—you wanted them to assist her convalescence, didn't you?"

"Yes, above all things."

"Well, then, should I have mentioned *you?*"

"Did you take off the cards?"

"No, I don't think I did. Why should you put cards on them?"

"Mrs. Gerlison, you're making me out a fiend. I know I treated her as if she was an unwelcome addition to the H. C. I know that the test is that a man should always be nice to women, regardless of circumstances. But I do know, too, that if she had been a girl of no position I should have been more considerate. Being a Senator's daughter—why, you told me to bear her influence in mind—well, at any rate, I didn't try to curry her favor because of her father's power. I want to speak to her; to tell her how I feel."

There was a rustle of skirts, and Miss Dodsworth herself appeared in the doorway.

"Mrs. Gerlison, I could not help listening. As much as I love you," she said, "I must say that I have given you no authority to talk in this way. Captain Leeds, I knew that you sent the fruits, and I thank you for them. You did save me from that ruffian Pike and from my own folly. And you must not forget that I called you a military tyrant and threw down the gauntlet in our first interview."

When a certain engagement was announced a week later, Mrs. Gerlison said to Captain Leeds:

"I always thought that you ought to marry—and you weren't so very hard to tame!"

Then he forgave her.

MRS. GERLISON'S OWN STORY

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I

IN the late seventies, when an American man-of-war approached a European harbor, the lookout was quite justified in remarking that she must be American because her pattern was too old to be Greek or Turkish. But our personnel, if not our ships, was worthy of our pride. The commanders were veterans who had smelt powder in the first shock of ironclads driven by steam, while officers of some nations that I might mention were sipping their chocolate in cafés and training their mustaches. Associated with them were the graduates of Annapolis since the great war, who, as their elders pass the age limit, are becoming the masters of our fighting-machines of to-day.

This story has to do with one of these youngsters, Lieutenant Arthur Barnes, who becomes interesting on the afternoon of January 15, 1877, when he went ashore with two other officers at Naples. He tried to persuade them to accompany him to Pom-

peii. They had already been there; and once a cruise was enough, they said. So he went alone in a public carriage.

He had barely alighted when he heard the sound of galloping horses and the cries of the attendants of the little inn near the gate to the ruins. He looked up the road to see a team, out of the driver's control, approaching. His guide was yelling "Stop! Stop!" alternately in three languages, while the waiters, running out, excitedly waved their towels and aprons.

Barnes hastened to the side of the road away from the café. As the frightened ponies turned to avoid the group that sought to bar their progress, the Lieutenant, seizing the reins of the one nearest to him, was able to bring them to a standstill. The carriage slewed and upset in the gutter, throwing out its occupants, who were a girl of twenty and a middle-aged woman. The girl was on her feet before Barnes reached her side.

"That's the first time I ever knew that a Neapolitan pony had sufficient force of character to run away!" she exclaimed.

By her voice she was an American; and when a young woman makes so cool a remark as that under such circumstances she is bound to excite the

interest of any young unmarried naval officer. She put out her hand at the same time as Barnes to assist her companion to arise.

"I am so glad I was on that side. I acted as a buffer for you," she said to the elder lady, who groaned. "You aren't hurt, mother? You haven't broken a bone? Do you feel any pain?" the young woman inquired anxiously, as she arranged the maternal bonnet and brushed the dust off the maternal gown.

"No, I'm not hurt, if you only give me time to get my breath and realize that I haven't been killed," was the reply.

"After all, the shaking up may be for the best," added the other, soothingly. "I have felt all the way out that some violent means was needed to deal with the luncheon we had at the hotel."

When the mother was seated in the shade and had drunk some cognac and water, she recovered a composure of the rigid kind then in fashion in Boston. The daughter had her slim, tall figure, only it was supple, while the black hair must have come from the paternal side. There was now a flush on the young woman's cheeks which heightened her charm. The sparkle of her eyes spoke of a great fund of reserve energy and good-nature.

Barnes gave his card to them. The mother having focussed her vision on the letters U. S. N., through her eyeglasses, was reassured a little. At least, she thought, she was not under obligations to a vagabond.

"Mrs. and Miss Crofton," she announced. "I am sure that we are greatly indebted to you. Indeed, I fear—I think that you saved our lives."

"Oh, no. When the ponies had tired—as they soon would have—the driver would have got control of them again. I was one of a number of men trying to stop them. If I hadn't caught the reins someone else would. So please don't put it in that light. I trust you will go back in my carriage; and now that you are here you might as well see Pompeii."

"Barnes!" exclaimed Mrs. Crofton. "Are you one of the Connecticut Barneses?"

"No, the Virginia Barneses. My great-grandfather was in New England a little. He was on Washington's staff."

As he spoke he flashed a plea for forgiveness into the daughter's eyes for indulging in the most ridiculous of American foibles. On his behalf it must be said that he was very keen on seeing Pompeii in the company of Miss Crofton. If he had said that

he was a Connecticut Barnes Mrs. Crofton would have been convinced that he was a "perfect gentleman." As it was, she was so far satisfied with him as to consent to his proposal.

She was sorry almost immediately, and very sorry after her Sadie and Barnes, leaving her and the guide alone, spent more than three-quarters of an hour looking at the remains of the theatre; as if the theatre, with twenty lines in the guide-book, was more interesting than the house of Marcus Lucretius, with two pages.

She was silent all the way back to Naples, thanking her stars that she had kept Sadie's high spirits in strict abeyance, and that Sadie was already publicly and solemnly engaged to one of the Massachusetts Gerlisons; while the young people talked and laughed as if the world was their nut and they were cracking it and prying out the meat leisurely with picks of gold. She made their good-by formal, final, for all that was said then, but was not quite brutal enough to offer to pay for the carriage.

Barnes returned to his ship in the frame of mind of one who has met with a most enjoyable adventure. He pictured to himself how he would chaff his two friends for not accompanying him. But when he found himself at the mess-table he merely said that

he had seen Pompeii, and that it had not changed any more since the other members saw it than it had in the last 1,500 years. The reason for his silence was due to a peculiar process of recollection that gradually came to occupy most of his spare moments. You will better understand this if you will read the following letters:

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
From Naples to Smyrna,
January 16, 1877.

Dear Miss Crofton: We sailed fifteen minutes after I was aboard, and this morning our noble ferry-boat is meandering along at the rate of five knots. Still, if the Government builds no new ships we may look back on five knots as reckless.

If I were ashore I should certainly give myself the pleasure of calling on you. I do hope that neither you nor your mother has suffered any unpleasant consequences from the upsetting. If you haven't, then I must say I'm very thankful for the runaway. Instead of the dreary afternoon that I contemplated—well, I don't know when I have had such a pleasant time. I thank you for it. I hope that I may see you again one day to thank you in person. I am afraid that I didn't make enough of a point of doing so yesterday. For, after all, Ameri-

cans are not so numerous in Italy that they need be strangers.

I am addressing this letter care your hotel in Naples. Probably you will have gone before I have mailed it at Smyrna and it has travelled all the way back to you.

With the pleasantest recollections, I am,

Yours sincerely, ARTHUR BARNES.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
From NAPLES to SMYRNA,
January 17, 1877.

DEAR MISS CROFTON: Though I did have some excuse yesterday for writing, I confess that I have none to-day except—well, a sailor's time may hang heavy on his hands. Besides, I have thought a great deal of the afternoon I spent with you. It is the brightest memory of my European cruise. How admirably cool you were in the runaway! I have laughed a dozen times about your remark as you got up from the spill.

You asked me a great deal about the routine aboard ship. [Then follows a description of the day's routine.]

The other letter is already sealed, so I will mail this one separately. Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR BARNES.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
From Naples to Smyrna,
January 18, 1877.

Dear Miss Crofton: I have no excuse except that I want to write to you; and it is such an unusual thing for me to want to write to anybody—in common with others, I enjoy receiving letters in inverse ratio to making them—that I feel bound to carry out my desire. Am I presumptuous? I hope, at any rate, that you will not reason if I write so much on short acquaintance that—yet, I must confess that that is just what I should do. . . . (More details about life at sea.)

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Barnes.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
From Naples to Smyrna,
January 19, 1877.

Dear Miss Crofton: No excuse offered, except that I thought of you all the while last night during my watch, as I paced the deck with the stars overhead and the wheezing of our old kettledrum engines (which are a disgrace to the navy of a civilized state) in my ears. There are other things about the routine of the ship that you may not know. You see, when I spent four years at Annapolis to learn

the trick—how foolish I was to try to tell it all in one letter. . . .

And if what I thought of to-day could be expressed in a wish, it would be that I could have a month's vacation, and every day thereof I could go to Pompeii to stop a pair of runaway horses.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR BARNES.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
From NAPLES to SMYRNA,
January 20, 1877.

DEAR MISS CROFTON: There is still another point about the routine that I did not mention. . . .

Consider the letters as a diary. Then there is only one letter. It is the only diary I have ever kept. In that way, you may judge by the importance of yourself in these annals of your importance in my present scheme of the universe. We reach Smyrna to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR BARNES.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
SMYRNA, January 21, 1877.

DEAR MISS CROFTON: We have called on the consul and the missionaries and impressed the Turks.

So to-morrow we'll up anchor and off to the Piræus. Our Secretary of the Navy must overwork himself in keeping us on the go back and forth across the Mediterranean—and that's another point about the routine important for the layman to know. . . .

I posted all the letters to-day and I marked them one, two, three, etc. They will come to you in the same mail—all in a strange hand! I can imagine your curiosity. I pray that you will begin at the beginning.

I should like to know that your spill did you no harm. If you will be so kind as to reply, address me care the American Consul at Trieste. We are going there after the Piræus, and then back to Naples.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR BARNES.

P. S.—The most important observation I have to make about Smyrna is that there is no Pompeii near at hand.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
From SMYRNA to the PIRÆUS,
January 22, 1877.

DEAR MISS CROFTON: I'm sorry about the carriage incident. I wish that we could have met under different circumstances. Now it looks to a superficial observer as if, because I had saved you

from a bad spill—well, that I had taken advantage of your feeling of thankfulness to write to you. Nothing of the kind. I should have written to you just the same—yes, I know that I should have written more if we had merely been introduced by a friend at the gate of Pompeii. [More details about the routine of a man-of-war.]

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR BARNES.

U. S. S. *Vermont.*
The PIRÆUS, January 23, 1877.

DEAR MISS CROFTON: I don't want you to put a wrong construction on my regret about the carriage incident. I thank kind fate for it in one sense —because through it I met you. There! I have been candid. This is to be a candid letter and the last I shall write before I see you or hear from you. From the other letters I fear you will think I have not been in earnest. I am very much in earnest, now. Last night, on watch, I recalled every word of yours that afternoon. By thinking of you so much I have come to feel that I have known you for years. This frank statement I offer as an explanation, as a basis for hope. If I write you more letters I shall confess all the truth. I shall confess that the girl for me has "arrived," and with my

heartstrings for reins she could drive me where she pleased. But in propriety [a word, apparently "dear," is crossed out] I ought not to say that until I have proved myself worthy.

I beg of you to write to me. I beg that I may come to see you wherever you are. Anyway, I shall seek you out. At the worst you can only turn me away from your door. Until then I shall visit Pompeii every day, with deep interest, without even knowing one sight from another. You will give me a chance—well, a chance for you to know me. [No details about the routine of a man-of-war.]

Patiently yours,

ARTHUR BARNES.

He received no answer at Trieste. He received none at Naples, where he made inquiries about the Croftons at the hotel. All the concierge knew was that the young lady and her mother had given their address as the American Legation, Rome. The Legation (instead of the Consulate) suggested that they might be friends of the Minister. He secured leave as soon as he could.

Two stations out of Rome he saw Miss Crofton (as he supposed) and her mother enter a compartment of the same carriage. He met them as they

alighted. Miss Crofton started and then, with heightening color, held out her hand. Mrs. Crofton was affable. In a moment, when Mrs. Crofton was busy with instructions to her maid, Barnes had an opportunity for a word alone with the daughter.

"You received my letters? You won't be too hard, I hope."

"Yes," she stammered in great embarrassment. "I was just about to send you a card. I didn't tell you I was engaged. I have been Mrs. Gerlison for two weeks."

"Forgive me," he exclaimed.

He tried to say something more and could not. Then he turned back, as if he had left something in his compartment. As he entered the street he saw that her husband and a carriage were waiting for her. For some time he could not recall where he had seen Lieutenant Gerlison. It was at a café in Naples two nights before. A friend had pointed him out as the beastly American military attaché at Rome who had just married a wealthy girl, but was not willing to give up visits to a popular woman of the world in Naples.

Then Barnes thought of the straight back and the straight profile of Mrs. Crofton, and pitied Mrs. Gerlison as well as himself.

II

Major Gerlison had two friends: His wife, whom he considered as his enemy because she had saved him on three occasions from dismissal from the Service; and Slearing, a bad-mannered, itinerant newspaper correspondent, who had no sponsors among his fellows. The Major and Slearing got drunk together; they agreed that the country was going to ruin, while the Major retailed what he said was the gossip of the club for the correspondent's letters; they agreed that there remained as a bulwark against the corruption of the day only one honest officer and one honest correspondent, when, if anybody had found it worth while to pay the price, both could have been bribed with a bottle of champagne.

For the sake of the most charming woman in the army Gerlison was allowed to remain in the club; for her sake, the officers spoke to him pleasantly when they met him; for her sake, the beast was permitted to wear the uniform which is supposed to be the insignia of decent conduct as well as of courage.

His regiment had come with the First Expedition. As soon as he had set foot on the soil of Luzon he began to wonder, between oaths, "why, in h—l, the United States had violated all its principles and come to this God-forsaken country," where you had to sleep in tents, and drinks were few and far between.

"Why, in h—l, the United States," was the stock complaint of the Major from first to last. Naturally, it grew irksome to officers to whom love of country was as well grounded a first precept as obedience to its orders. That was what he was saying on August 13th, the day when the flag was raised for good and all over Manila, as he came limping up from the rear after the fight was over.

"I hate to say it," his Colonel said. "I hate to believe it of any man of the regular service, whom his country has paid and found for thirty years of peace—but I do believe you are a coward, and I'll prefer charges against you, if it's the last thing I do in this world."

Yet when Mrs. Gerlison, pleading with the Colonel, said that she was sure that her husband had been taken suddenly ill just as his regiment began its advance, the Colonel concluded that the silent contempt of the Major's men as he passed their line

on the evening of the 13th was punishment enough for him.

And so the beast had another grudge against his wife.

When second lieutenants asked how she had ever come to marry him, old officers said that Gerlison was handsome as a young man, with an influential father and friends; she could not have known at the time that he was a sneak and a roué.

When second lieutenants asked why she did not leave him and seek a divorce, old officers shook their heads.

"If you marry into the army," they said, "you are yoked to more than a man or a woman for better or worse—you are yoked to the Service, which may believe in divorce with all its heart, but will not excuse it."

When second lieutenants asked how it was that she kept so young, old officers said that it was a habit with her to be cheerful and to think of the happiness of others.

There was another reason which explained, among other things, why she was the ally and confidant of all couples who found that family, wealth, or position ran counter to their true love. She was young because she fed on the memory of an innocent and

delicious flirtation of her youth. Some hold secrets in their hearts which eat as decay destroys an apple from the core, no matter how thick its skin; Mrs. Gerlison's secret radiated happiness through her whole being.

"It is such a little thing; so ridiculous to make so much of it, to live upon it," she told herself. "Yet it is my philosophy to make much of little things; to rejoice in the eddies and not to hear the roar of the main current."

Probably he had forgotten all about it, she sometimes thought. Still, there was the fact that he had never married. She had followed his career in the Service journals. She had glowed with pride over his part in the battle of Manila Bay. His efficiency record was as well known to her as to himself. She looked forward with as much if not more interest than he to the great date in the near future when he should be a rear-admiral.

In all the twenty years that had elapsed since that day in Naples, she had seen him only once. Then he was passing in a carriage on the Bridge of Spain and his face was turned away—she wondered if by intention. From the Luneta, in the evening, she could see his cruiser standing out against the golden fan of the sun's nightly adieu, and then

watch its lights breaking out when darkness came.

Naval officers, though they went frequently to the club, seldom went to the Luneta. It was not, then, surprising that Captain Barnes's first appearance there, to Mrs. Gerlison's knowledge, was not until the evening of February 3, 1899. She was not immediately certain that the man walking up and down with Colonel Smalley was he, as his back was toward her. When he faced in her direction she no longer had any doubt. She felt her heart flutter. Instantly she became engrossed in the sea, as if that would stop the beating in her temples. She did not dare to look around.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Gerlison."

The voice sounded as familiar as if she had heard it only yesterday. She turned; her eyes met his; she felt the blood leaving her face in a flood. The presence in the life of the image which she had carried in her imagination for twenty years had numbed her faculties.

"You haven't forgotten me—Mr. Barnes, at Naples?"

"No. How could I?" she exclaimed, holding out her hand. She had meant to speak lightly and easily, but her words sounded distraught and pathetic in

her own ears. "You see I wasn't expecting to see you. I was taken by surprise," she added.

Even after that stern attempt her voice seemed unnatural.

"Yes, twenty years is a long time between calls, and I've grown pretty gray and old," he remarked, "while you haven't a single white hair. The world has been kind to you."

"I have tried to make it kind," which was nearer than she had ever come to confessing her system of philosophy to anyone.

"As I knew you would."

"And you?" she asked. "Has it been kind to you?"

"The lot of the Service: little worry, some work, much routine, and clean linen, while I have honestly tried to do my duty. And I have not married," he added.

Then Mrs. Gerlison felt the blood rushing back to her face in a flood, and it seemed that her sight was dimmed with tears. Why should he have said that? How could she reply to it?

On his part, the sailor wondered what else he could say. The sudden impulse which sent him to the carriage arose from his desire to tell her this. An officer of the navy who, for twenty years, had

loved the memory of a woman—can he pay her any greater compliment than such a confession?

At that moment Major Gerlison approached. He brushed Barnes's elbow roughly as he put his foot on the step and called to the driver to go to the club. The Captain, lifting his hat to Mrs. Gerlison, turned away without seeming to notice the Major's rudeness.

Only a few words passed between husband and wife on the way.

"If I waited until you were through talking to some man—if it isn't one it's another—we'd never move," he said. "I have to get a little use of my carriage once in awhile."

As a matter of fact, the carriage and their house were maintained out of her money. He had lost his own fortune by gambling, and his pay was spent on himself.

"Of course you have," was the quiet reply. "The seat beside me is always vacant."

"Oh, yes. If you can't let all your admirers ride, what's the use of letting any?" he growled. "You're impartial, at least."

She did not attempt to argue with him. As she looked at his face she could not help comparing it with that of Captain Barnes. Each told its story

plainly enough. One stood for debauchery, idleness, and selfishness; the other for character and rational living.

From the moment that she left her husband at the club, Mrs. Gerlison's thoughts were of the Captain. As soon as she reached the house she unlocked a little box in her trunk and took out the package which she had conned since 1877. This was the only secret which she would not have confessed under any circumstances to the Major or to the world.

"He's finer looking now than he was then," she said to herself. "White hair becomes him better than black. His face has filled out so that his nose is strong, and not too prominent."

Tied up with the packet was a portrait of him which she had clipped from an illustrated weekly. She seated herself, oblivious of everything, to read the letters over again. Often, as a wife who tried to be loyal, she had told herself that she had done wrong to keep them; as often she had excused herself by the thought that if she put the one sweet romance of her life out of mind she would not have the strength to be good or dutiful any longer. And you, my good woman—you, though you have a back as stiff as Mrs. Crofton's—I can imagine you complaining of a sick headache when the bonds have

been especially hard, and seeking your room to live again with your secret!

She was pausing over a sentence, drinking in its possible meaning—" with my heartstrings for reins " —when the Major interrupted her happy dream.

Except in growls—and he must growl—he had never objected to her friends. Confident that she was true to him, he found his ownership of the most admired woman in the army a source of innate pride. Either some recollection of Captain Barnes, or his mood when agitated by successive drinks, had developed in him this evening one of his increasingly frequent passions. When it had reached a certain stage he started home to have an " understanding " with his wife. Not finding her in the library, he went to her room. There, as he entered, he first made her aware of his presence by an oath at the sight of the portrait and the letters. She seized them all in her hands, but not before, acute for the moment from drink, he had recognized that the likeness was that of Captain Barnes.

" So, that's what you're mooning over! " he cried. " Well, I'll take 'em now! "

He snatched for them. She sprang away and dodged around the table to the door.

" Either you give them up, or, by G—, I'll make

you! You, the pattern of wifely respectability in the army, sighing over a lover's letters!"

"No, you will not!"

"Why won't I? I can if I want to."

"Because I shall run into the street and cry for help. I haven't done that when you've struck me before, but I will this time."

He stood with his hand on the table, swaying from the effect of drink.

"Oh, of course the army will side with a lady who has so many friends."

"Charles," she said, "I hadn't seen Captain Barnes for twenty years until this evening. You know as well as I do that I have been true to you. I know, too, that I have done wrong as a wife to keep these. I will destroy them now, but you may not see them."

"All right, destroy them!"

She led the way into the kitchen. As the letters and the portrait were put into the stove it seemed as if her heart was being shrivelled by the flames in which they were crackling. She asked herself if, after this, she should become desperate and careless.

The Major felt that he had won a great victory. He spent all the day of the 4th at the club, celebrat-

ing it in drink. He was extremely critical, extremely bellicose. What he wanted to know, he said, was how much longer old Elwell was going to wait before he cleaned out the cordon of "niggers" who were besieging the town. For his part, he could take his battalion and lick them all to a standstill in twenty-four hours. At times, he chuckled drunkenly as he thought of the burning of his wife's treasures. Then he became regretful of his meekness and charity in not having pushed the victory home. What he ought to have done was to take the letters away from her, read them, and then—yes, throw them into Barnes's face.

He happened to be absorbed in this train of thought as Barnes entered the club in the evening; whereupon, his murky brain conceived another conquest which should surpass that of the previous day.

"Barnes, you're the man I want to see," he said.

He took a great draught as he rose.

"I am at your service, Major," the Captain replied, passing over to the table.

"I've found you out, you——"

With this, the Major threw the remaining contents of his glass at the face of the Captain, who, perceiving the intention as the Major raised his

arm, stepped to one side. Only a few drops of whiskey and soda fell on Barnes's shoulder.

The Captain felt instinctively that any blow he dealt Gerlison would be passed on to Mrs. Gerlison. He wiped his coat with his handkerchief coolly. Then he seized the Major by the shoulder and pushed him back into his chair in a heap.

When actually face to face with the man who was so much his superior, Gerlison had suddenly lost all of his bravado. He was one of the few men who are devoid of both physical and moral courage. Trembling as if with palsy, he had not enough strength left to topple over a small boy. Hoarsely he called for another drink. Two or three officers, including General Berkeley, who had risen with the intention of preventing the two men from coming to blows, now stood around them. Others were listening, though pretending to be occupied with something else.

"Well, what is it? I think I have a right to know why you threw your whiskey in my face," Barnes said.

"Yes, what is it?" put in General Berkeley. "Let's have this matter settled now and here, and not let it get any farther."

"Oh, you're on her side, too!" the Major replied petulantly.

"I am on nobody's side. Speak up, or you do go out of the army this time. We haven't degenerated quite so far yet in the tropics that one man can insult another in this way without explanation."

"He's been writing letters to my wife."

"You lie!" said Barnes. "I have not written or spoken to your wife for twenty years, until last evening on the Luneta. You lie!"

The conqueror did not attempt to rise under the whip of this clear-cut assault on his honor.

"It's the letters of twenty years ago. I made her burn them." And the conqueror truly felt himself the outraged husband.

Before Captain Barnes found words the subject was blotted out of the mind of everyone present by an officer, all excitement, who thrust his head in at the door and shouted:

"It's come! It's come!"

"What? What's come?" someone asked.

"Listen!" (In disgust, over his shoulder, as he passed on.)

Then they heard the sound of rifle fire in the direction of San Pedro Macati. A single shot was the fuse to a train of powder which had been ready for ignition for two months. At last the insurrection was actually begun. The calm atmosphere had sud-

denly become charged with electricity. Men who had been idling, chatting and drinking, as if all the time of future ages was theirs, rushed out of the club, without waiting to pick up their caps. Officers coming from dances and dinners in evening dress; officers in undershirts and trousers; and officers and men out of sick beds were hurrying on foot, on horseback, and in carromatas to their places on the line, on the lookout for treachery as they went.

Major Gerlison alone remaining in the club, called for more whiskey.

"Only a little outpost firing. No use getting excited about it," he told the attendant.

Having drunk an ordinary drinking-glass half full of whiskey, he swaggered and wabbled out. He told himself that he was dignified; that he was not being led off on a wild goose chase by a lot of harebrained fools. A dying Mauser bullet, sighing as it dipped, passed overhead. He jumped behind a tree, looked to see if he had been observed, and then bravely pursued his way. But he did not keep to the street leading to his regiment, which was stationed in the Tondo district. He took the one leading to his house, where he found his wife an interested spectator on her porch, quite regardless of any dan-

ger. She had supposed that her husband was already well on the way to the front.

"There's no hurry," he explained, as he stumbled up the steps. "I'll have my carriage brought. The 'niggers' won't fight at night, anyway."

"There's only Benito to go for it," she said. "He might be shot on the way, even if we can get him to go. No native wants to be in the streets."

"A good job if they did shoot him and all the other 'niggers' that sent us out to this God-forsaken country. What in h—l we——"

"And, Charles, the stable is half a mile away. It will take some time for him to go. Perhaps he cannot get the carriage anyway. Our cook has gone to the insurgents. Probably the stable boys have."

"I'll not move an inch without my carriage," he growled.

She called Benito. He said that he did not want to go, but he would to please the Señora. She hastily wrote a pass for him, and he darted out into the street.

Realizing her husband's drunken condition, she asked if she might not prepare a drink of bromo-seltzer or something to eat for him. By way of reply he started toward the sideboard. She put her-

self in the way, holding up her hands in appeal. He threw her roughly to one side.

"Please don't, Charles," she pleaded. "You are not yourself. You have had too much, already. Think of the work that is before you in the next two or three days—and yet to-night——"

"Oh, I've fixed your friend, Captain Barnes," he said, after he had drained a glass of sherry.

Then he gave his version of the incident at the club, in which he made Barnes apologize and confess to the world his fondness for Mrs. Gerlison.

"I don't believe he did that!" she exclaimed, with the impulse of outraged logic.

"Oh, of course you don't. Of course you take your lover's side."

"He's not," she began. Then realizing the hopelessness of talk, she was silent.

"But I told them! I told them! Everybody knows about the spotless Mrs. Gerlison now. Letters and a photograph, by G—! Wouldn't let me read them!"

He launched into a tirade in which he blamed her for every one of his shortcomings. She bent as a reed bends to the storm, smitten with a nightmare of conscientiousness. Perhaps after all, she thought, what he said was true. He could not have

helped learning long ago that her relations to him were implacably limited by dutifulness. Had love mismated meant to him what it had to her, she could readily understand how, from indifference and cynicism, he might have drifted into debauchery—as if character and steel were not forged by fire. Observing that he impressed her, he revelled in this new victory, while his Service was winning one of a different kind in the darkness.

Finally, Benito came, angering the Major not because he had been so long gone, but because he had returned at all. One side of his coat was matted with blood from a bolo slash on his cheek and another on his arm.

"My own people did that," he said in his "pidgin" Spanish. "Oh, I had my orders to go like the rest. They jump on the seat when they see me driving the white man's carriage. An officer he shot them with his revolver. The officer want to take the empty carriage. I show them your pass and I tell him a great lie—that I go to save your life. Then he want to go with me to help save it. So I tell that no more. Oh, I do this for you, Señora, for you, for no one else. I always say to you when my people fight your people I go fight with my people and your husband fight with his people. Is that not

right? Now I am a marked man, a friend of the Americans, and when my people take the city they will find me in the dark, and——"

"Oh, shut up, you d—n nigger!"

The Major (that profound feeder of arguments to anti-expansionist correspondents) had struggled to his feet. He now struck a fellow-man in the face, merely because he might; merely because that man was of a different color.

"For you, Señora!" Benito cried, as he moved away.

"Now, Charles. You won't want your sword, of course," she said, as she went to his room and brought out his revolver.

He had sunk back into his chair in the manner of one who intends to stick there.

"Oh, you needn't be in a hurry," he growled. "I'll not go out till morning. Captain Higginson can take care of the battalion, all right. He's so d—n smart! Responsibility will do him good. Anyway, it's nothing but a little outpost firing that sets the shavetails (second lieutenants) and mustangs (officers not graduates of the Academy) out of their heads. The niggers won't fight. You're not going to get me mixed up in night attacks. I never did believe in 'em."

"Outpost firing!" she repeated. "Charles, listen!"

From the distance came the crackling of thousands of rifles, and then, in "one, two, three" order, the pounding reports of field guns.

"If it was only outpost firing they wouldn't be using the artillery," she added.

"Humph—h! Those volunteer Utahs. They'd shoot away all their ammunition at a yellow dog."

"No, no, Charles. They wouldn't fire without Division orders—Brigade orders, anyway."

"Well, I can't help it if we've got fools for Brigadiers."

She flew to the shutter and threw it open.

"Look!" she cried, pointing toward the Tondo district, where the heavens were lighted with a red glare, which signified an attempt to burn the city over the heads of the defenders.

The fire was in the direction of the Major's regiment. He shuddered, as if in a chill.

"Nothing but a house or a store, I guess," he replied.

She went to his chair and knelt, with her hands upon its arm, all intensity in her desire to awaken him to a sense of his position.

"Charles, this is the time of all times. Everybody has said that when it came it would come with a rush. It has come. The whole line is engaged. A part of the city is in flames. You missed the fight of the 13th of August. For twenty years you have been waiting for this chance. How often back in the posts, in the old days, when we expected to go to our graves without ever smelling powder, we have talked of how reputations were made in a minute in a fight, and how the thing to do was to seize the opportunity the instant it presented itself! The opportunity is here, Charles. Your battalion must have been in the thick of it from the start. It needs you. Come, Charles!"

"All right. Get me a drink of sherry, and I'll go."

"Oh, no, I beg you, Charles."

"Do you think I'm a calf to be fed on milk?" he asked. Then he added, in the thick voice of the drunken man when he is non-committal: "All right. I won't go. I told you it was nothing but outpost firing."

She went to the sideboard. She knew him too well not to bring him a full glass, but she weakened the wine with water as much as she dared. The effect of the draught was quite the opposite of what

he had expected and she had hoped. It made him bellicose, but only oratorically so.

"What in h—l my country wanted to violate all its principles for and come to this God-forsaken hole I don't understand. I'm not going out there in the dark. I'll go in the morning. I'll go when I'm ready. Let the President's friends, his brigadiers, do his work! He didn't give me any promotion."

The wife's patience was exhausted. Persuasion having failed, she tried indignation and taunt.

"You don't know what you are saying. Your country has paid and kept you since you entered the army to be ready to do such work as this when the call came. You know what they said on the 13th. They will say the same thing if you fail now."

"Let them," was the maudlin response.

"Either you go to your battalion or I will. Someone must."

"Oh, ho, will you?" He broke into a derisive laugh.

She picked up the revolver from his lap and started. At the door she stopped and looked back to observe the effect of this stratagem. Her husband had not moved from his slouching, helpless position with his hands hanging in front of either arm of his chair. The light of the lamp streaming

upon his dissipated face showed clearly what a wreck he was.

"Shall I go?" she asked.

"Do as you please," he replied. "Fine idea! D—n fine idea!"

She felt the sudden, full and crushing realization that she, with whom generals had discussed campaigns and battles, had a coward for a husband. While every white man in uniform in Manila was doing his duty, and many of them were doing a little more, he was skulking at home. However poor a knight he was, his crest was hers. She had solaced herself with the thought that men who drank hard were sometimes capable as well as brave in the field. Her reputation as lacking ambition was grossly false. In her heart, as much as any other woman, she would have liked to see her husband the head of the army.

Anything was now preferable to remaining in the house with him at this great hour; for, against his presence, besides the natural, inbred contempt of the Service, all her reason and instinct were in revolt. She made her threat a deed. She felt that if she remained longer she would call him coward, drunkard, beast, to his face.

"I'll tell them you are ill," she called, as she left the house.

She had always respected Benito for saying candidly that he would go to fight for his own people when the time came. She felt that she could not now justly ask him to accompany her. All she knew, all she thought, as she untied the hitching-strap and took the reins in hand, was represented in the prospect and the philosophy of action hastening from a horrible phantom. Very likely she would be considered mad; but she was doing the best she could for the honor of the uniform that her husband wore.

Down the Calle Nozaleda and along the road to the Bridge of Spain flew this carriage with its galloping horses and its sole occupant, the only woman abroad in Manila at that hour. The sentries on the bridge halted her. She told them imperiously that she was on her way to get wounded, and they allowed her to proceed. A block on one side of the Calle Rosario was burning, so she turned into the narrow Calle Anloague. A few erring shots were fired at her from the windows, quickening the speed of the ponies, while the carriage, slewing from curb to curb, threatened to be upset.

Out into the open space of the Plaza del Calderon de la Barca she guided her team with a cool and practiced hand which would have excited the admiration of the army teamsters. Before her the sky

was a glow of savage red light, sometimes darkened by a column of black smoke from a burning hemp warehouse, where the blaze had not yet gained full headway, and again cut by a darting sheet of flame as a nipa hut tumbled into ruins. The hollows of the bamboos, as they exploded from the heat, made a crackling easily mistaken for continuous Mauser volleys.

As she pursued her way, the ponies growing more and more excited and less manageable, she soon realized that some of the explosions were indeed the popping of bullets through the air; for she felt the breath of one and heard the swan song of others in their dying flight. She passed houses which were on fire, the heat burning her cheek and the smoke stifling her. Then she emerged into an area which had not yet been ignited. A hundred yards beyond was a veritable sea of burning nipa huts, their flames meeting across the street.

Not an American soldier was to be seen. There was no one to tell her the way to her husband's regiment. She could not go through the furnace before her. She must stop her carriage. She pulled at the reins with all her strength. But the team had gone mad, and, even as the horse will return to the burning stable, they were rushing straight ahead into

the fire. She had resolved to leap to the ground and seek escape by one of the alleys, through which some of the natives, who had remained to the last moment in their houses to collect their valuables, were going, when one of the ponies was hit by a bullet which had passed through the wall of flame. He fell, taking with him his mate, who was soon tangled in the harness in his efforts to rise. Mrs. Gerlison was partly thrown, and she partly leaped, to the pavement, but rose uninjured.

At that moment she had no doubt of her safety. She knew that beyond the burning region immediately ahead was the American line, already driving the insurgents back. This she was sure that she could reach by simply going around the fire. As she started toward the nearest alley there emerged from it a native whose face was as distinctive of his character as is that of the Bowery tough. He was equipped with the emblems of his pursuit of murder and arson. Rather than have them commit crime in the ranks of his army, Aguinaldo had sent his brigands to Manila with orders to kill all Americans regardless of sex. Behind the villain were half a dozen of his fellows, all armed with knives. Mrs. Gerlison called to them in Spanish to go back.

"It is our turn now, Señora," the leader replied;

adding, with native sarcasm, "I like your carriage, and I hope you have some diamonds."

"If you don't go, I shall fire," she said.

Even in a class with men she had been accounted a good pistol shot at the range. Now, she was astonished to find how cool she was when, for the first time, she faced the awful necessity of deliberately taking a human life as the alternative of losing her own.

The leader halted for an instant. Then he sprang forward with the cry, "Women can't shoot!" and fell as she fired. The others ran back down the alley; while she, amazed at what she had done, revolted at the sight of the figure on the pavement, his limbs twitching in his death agony. She grew faint and leaned against the carriage for support.

The dead man's comrades gained recruits from the houses which they were looting and burning. Doubling back by other alleys they were soon creeping up under cover of the buildings on either side of the street. She realized too late their plan of surrounding her. Desperation renewed her strength. She stepped into the middle of the pavement, away from the buildings and the carriage. With her few remaining cartridges she was prepared to make the ruffians pay dearly for success.

They crept nearer and nearer. Suddenly her heart leaped at the sound of voices, unmistakably those of white men, coming from beyond the wall of smoke through which she had just driven. With an accuracy that did her credit, she emptied her revolver at the manikins in that direction. Then, taking quick advantage of their resultant demoralization, she ran as fast as she could toward the voices.

The next that she knew she was lying on the carriage seat, with a glass of brandy to her lips, while Captain Barnes, who had been sent ashore with his crew to be useful wherever there was work to be done, was at her side. The jackies were clearing the houses and tearing them down to prevent the fire from spreading.

"In another minute you would have been shot for a Filipino because of your white dress and the glitter of the revolver in your hand. You fainted just as we saw you. We barely caught you before you fell. I hope you are better."

"Yes," she replied, "much better. I—I am quite myself again."

"I could scarcely believe my eyes—a white woman in this place at this time!"

"I was very foolish. I came to tell the Colonel

that my husband is ill at home and could not come." She tried to speak with spirit, even mirthfully, but her voice was weak and quavering. "You see," she continued, "my pony was hit. Then the natives surrounded me. I heard your voices and I broke through the enemy's lines by a sudden attack at one point with all my forces. That was correct tactics, wasn't it? But after all my talk about white men permitting brown men to besiege them, that was just the error I committed, myself. Instead of rushing down the alley the minute I killed that one on the ground there, I remained here."

"I was hoping that we could save this area between the two fires," he said, "but I think I had better give it up and begin work on the other side. The heat is terrible here, too. If you will allow me, I will assist you out of it."

He bent over her, as if he would carry her away from the carriage in the same manner that he had carried her to it.

"No, I can walk," she said, rising. "Yes, I can —I'm sure I can—if—if you will let me rest my hand on your shoulder," she added, with an effort.

She trembled from the effect of reaction. She was so weak that she would have fallen but for his support. He lifted her in his arms.

"After all, I am only a woman," she said, half in explanation, half in complaint.

As he had hastened to the quay, to his cruiser and back to shore again, beyond his plans and his directing of his men was the thought:

"She has kept my letters! She has kept my letters!"

He would have been a poor student of mankind, indeed, if he had not seen through the story of her mad ride. He knew well enough that she had braved all dangers to apologize for a drunken husband. The love for her, born in the theatre at Pompeii, seemed now shallow and boyish beside the new feeling in his heart. He told himself, again and again, as he bore her away from the smoke and the roar of the flames, that he must be guarded in what he said; that, as an honorable man, he would apply the next day to be relieved from the Asiatic Squadron. If they Dreyfused him to a Devil's Island, so much the better; anything, so that he should not be walking the deck of a ship in the harbor of the city where she lived. All this was a pledge of his honest effort to crowd out of mind the sweet and holy pleasure of having her in his arms.

He carried her to a cool place beside the bridge of a canal.

"I shall be quite safe here," she said. "Don't let me keep you from your work, for this is the time of all times——"

She checked herself quickly as she recalled that these were the very words which she had used to her husband.

"There isn't much glory for a naval officer in police duty," he replied, lightly. "Still, police work is the most important work to be done here, and I must direct my crew." As he spoke, his second in command, at the head of his men, appeared in the open place where they were.

"I shall be back in a minute," he added.

After giving a few directions, he returned to her with a boatswain and six jackies.

"I hope it will not be ungallant," he said, "but there is a great deal for me to do. I have brought you a guard. They will help you over to the Hotel Oriente, where you can get a carriage and return to your house."

"You could not do more," she replied. "I thank you."

Thus he had recognized and resisted temptation. After the scene at the club, after the incident just passed, there could be nothing worse for her reputation, nothing more likely to bring her husband's

wrath down upon her head, than for him to accompany her to her door. All that he had done so far was no more than he must have done for any woman placed in a like situation.

As he offered his wishes for no unpleasant effects from her experience, as he shook hands and said good-night, he was confident that he should never permit himself the pain or her the embarrassment of seeing him again. She watched him, erect and easy of bearing, as he went back to his men. For a moment she hid her face in her hands in agony. Then, straightening up, she smiled at the boatswain who was now responsible for her safety.

Meanwhile, a tragedy had been enacted on the Calle Nozaleda. When Benito entered the room in response to a call for more sherry, the Major suddenly developed the veritable courage of a lion. He swore something, by G—, about the best "nigger" being a dead one, and started into his room to get his sword. But a knife, which the house-boy had concealed in his shirt, prevented him from going farther than the doorway.

With the grim satisfaction of one who has paid a grudge in full, Benito watched his master die, and then passed out into the darkness to join his own people.

III

When a lieutenant of artillery and a lieutenant of cavalry seated themselves by a window of the club, one afternoon, they did not notice the naval officer who was reading a newspaper in the far corner of the room with his back to the light.

"I saw Mrs. Gerlison on the Luneta last evening," said the tanned Cavalry, who was just in from "hikes" in the sun. "How she's changed! She looked like an invalid. It can't be that she's mourning so for the loss of her beast of a husband."

(The Unobserved Officer stopped reading. With his eyes still on the paper, he listened.)

"Yes, people don't understand it. Her friends have been trying for six months to get her started for Japan. She's really going to-morrow. Some think that horrible scene of old Gerlison there in the library in a mess of blood has affected her mind."

"But how about the naval man she was supposed to be fond of?"

(The Unobserved Officer was trying to read a line backward. He dared not move.)

"Oh, there was nothing in that!"

The Artillery, which was white-faced from confinement in town, spoke with a sickly feeling of its proficiency in gossip.

"M-m-m-m!" exclaimed the Cavalry, as he took a sip of the claret lemonade which the Chinese "boy" placed before him. "That ice is real, isn't it? And the lemons aren't celluloid make-believes, either!"

"It tastes like sop to me. The club's getting worse and worse."

"Rot! It isn't the club. It's your liver. Come out to Bogabo with me and I'll 'hike' a little of the fur off your tongue. You can help us hunt General Morales. We've captured Morales eight times, now. We're going after him again next week. Every time we take him we telegraph down to the Patient and Well-Abused One to know what we shall do with him. 'Release him,' is the reply; 'the Government says so.' Then the people wonder why the Government doesn't, and the Government wonders why the army doesn't, put down the rebellion.

("Oh, *do* tell us all about it," thought the Unobserved Officer.)

"'Prepare me a bath!' says the man to his ser-

vant in the desert. 'I have no water, sir,' is the reply. 'You are very foolish,' says the man. And the servant may not talk back, even in the desert. Yes, thanks, another; and a little more ice in it, if you please. Oh, I've seen times while we were chasing Morales when I should like to have had a chunk frozen in my stomach the way they freeze it in the hotel water-bottles at home."

"Here, stop that!" put in the Artillery. "Didn't you know that there's a new rule at the club that you mustn't speak of home?"

"No. Why?"

"Don't we come to the club to enjoy ourselves and not to droon over hateful impossibilities, you bumpkin from Bogabo?"

"That's so. I was going to tell you that we had a cake of ice at Bogabo the other day—the first in the history of the place. ("Government policy, culinary lessons, anything, so you don't go," thought the Unobserved One.) When it arrived in a Dorrity it was the size of your fist. We put it in water in a big bowl, and we purred over it, and smacked our lips while the water cooled, until somebody said we ought to give it to the hospital. 'That's what we ought,' we all concluded. To the hospital it went. We didn't get a drop. If that doesn't blot

out all the sins of the Eighth Cavalry in the recording angel's book, then there's no justice in the world beyond."

"Thanks," said the Artillery. "The lemonade tastes better."

Then it occurred to the Cavalry that he had not finished with the subject of Mrs. Gerlison.

"What makes you think there's nothing between her and Captain Barnes? I heard that they were old sweethearts."

"They met in Italy when they were young, and didn't meet again until they came here; and that's all, so far as anybody knows."

"What about the letters Gerlison mentioned when he jumped Barnes in the club? That looked like business," said the matter-of-fact Cavalry.

"There weren't any letters, except those of Gerlison's imagination. He was getting into such a state that he was equal to any aberration of mind. Barnes hasn't been with her at all, except I saw him at her carriage on the Luneta two nights ago."

(The Unobserved Officer, still reading the line backward, studied it the more intently to keep from writhing in his chair.)

"Yes. If he had cared such a lot for her I shouldn't think that he would have sent her home

with a boatswain when she drove out to Tondo through the fire in that mad way."

("Yes—yes—yes," thought the Unobserved Officer.)

"Precisely. And let me tell you this: Mrs. Gerlison would never be equal to it when she came face to face with marrying out of the army. But it looks very much as if she was going to spend the rest of her days mourning for Gerlison. You know how hard she worked to save him whenever he got in trouble. I'm beginning to think that she loved the brute. (The line had become an utter blank to the Unobserved One.) It's a shame for such a woman to waste a tear on such a man."

"A downright, blithering shame!" assented the vigorous Cavalry.

"Well, I must be going."

"And I, too. I've an engagement at five at the hotel, where I'm to have a tub with a cake of ice in it—my own conception. After that, I'm going to put on a white blouse and go out to the Luneta and hear the band play, along with you pale faces."

Captain Barnes sprang to his feet the moment the Cavalry and the Artillery, without having recognized him, passed out of the room. He felt as one gagged and bound, who is suddenly released. He

had come ashore early in order that he might see Mrs. Gerlison at her house, where she would not be surrounded by friends, as she was on the Luneta. Intending to go straight to Calle Nozaleda from the quay, he had found himself so flustered as the moment approached that he went into the club, not thinking that he did so to collect his wits and overcome his trepidation, but rather because it was a little too early to call. Now, in a state of demoralization, he directed his coachman to return to the quay, as he concluded that the talk of the two subalterns was precisely in keeping with Mrs. Gerlison's conduct toward him.

Shortly after the outbreak, his cruiser had been sent to the Southern Islands. He had been back in Manila only two weeks. During his absence he had had no communication with Mrs. Gerlison. He had written two or three letters of sympathy to her, only to destroy them as being false in sentiment. Since his return he had stopped beside her carriage twice on the Luneta. Each time they were joined by a third person before anything except commonplaces had passed, while there was every indication that Mrs. Gerlison was relieved by the intrusion.

A man of his age in the Service, settled and firm in his place, has reason for more than the ordinary

horror of being ridiculous. The more he thought of it, the more logical became the views of the Artillery. She had never uttered a word to show that she had ever returned a particle of his affection. He had been living for twenty years in a bubble for a house, which a little discursive club gossip had pricked.

Of course, she had not kept his letters! Of course, the Major had seen her reading some other letters and fashioned a tale out of his drunken imagination! Her ride to Tondo now appeared to him in what he thought was its true light. Why had he not realized before that no woman would have undertaken such a risk for her husband unless she loved him? And if she did not love him, would she have remained in the same house where the Major had been murdered, and near to everything that would remind her of him?

This was logic. Feeling is quite another thing. It waited, gaining strength from compression, until he had completed his edifice of argument; then bowled it over. His heart told him to return to Mrs. Gerlison. He concluded to obey it, on the ground that she would give him a decisive answer which would effectually put the folly out of his mind. Such was the impulse that he called to the driver to turn around in the middle of the Bridge of Spain,

where the hubs of the two closely packed lines of vehicles going in opposite directions almost graze. The driver explained that he would have to wait until they were across, and the Captain almost grumbled in reply. As I have stated heretofore, having determined on a line of action, the Service hates delay.

Fifteen minutes later he was at Mrs. Gerlison's house. She promptly came out on to the veranda in reply to his card. He saw that she was pale and haggard. From what? From mourning for her husband, of course, he told himself. He had been planning all the way from the bridge to ask her if she thought that she could ever care for him. She was going to say No, he knew. She was going to be indignant with him, he knew. Then he was going his way and never think about her any more.

Her presence left a blank in place of the scheme of action he had in mind. He was conscious only that he was sitting opposite to her and that he wished to say something. She was scarcely self-possessed. Only one subject to break the awkward silence occurred to her. They talked about the latest legislation for the army and navy. Then her carriage drew up before the door for her evening drive. He hoped that she would ask him to join her—as if the woman

and not the man were expected to give such an invitation! But she hinted nothing of the kind.

"You might rest your ponies," he said, as one who lights on an excuse, "and—and drive with me."

Anyone not so dumb as he was at that moment, while he hung upon the words and not the manner of her reply, would have noticed that her voice was trembling as she said that she had some errands to do, and, therefore, would not trouble him.

He assisted her into the carriage, and saw her ride away.

"I know now," he thought, as he drove back to the quay. "That's the end of it. There's no fool like an old fool. I'm not fit to command a ship. I've been living on a sentiment, and I'll never think of it again. If I do, I'll resign. I'll go on the stage! I'll take to writing novels and twanging a mandolin! A man of my years sighing like a lovesick boy! Bah!"

Mrs. Gerlison's errands were imaginary. She was in no condition of mind to talk to people on the Luneta after what had just passed. Alone, she drove into the open country through the dust to the water-works, her New England conscience arguing down her feelings toward Captain Barnes all the way. That conscience (ever recalling the scene of

her husband lying dead on the library floor, even as the preacher summons hell fire and damnation to hold his congregation) was fast driving her out of her mind. The woman who had been so often the partisan of true love against all mundane obstacles; who had seen clearly where the affections of others were concerned, was now sinking her chance of happiness in an hallucination which she called duty. In truth, Mrs. Gerlison needed a Mrs. Gerlison to take her in hand; and, unfortunately, there was only one Mrs. Gerlison in the army.

If she found herself wondering whether or not Captain Barnes still loved her, or ever had loved her, she forced back the guilty question and its prospect of happiness. She had done enough wrong by keeping the letters. If her husband had not been intoxicated he would have gone out to the lines; he would not have played the coward. The letters were the cause of his drinking to excess at that time. She had hired Benito, herself. When he had said deliberately that he would fight for his own people, she had still kept him in her house. The Major, perhaps, was more ill than anything else on the night of the 4th. Her place was to have remained at home by his side. Therefore, however she looked at it, she regarded herself as blameworthy for his murder.

As she saw the actions of the world, it had come to the same conclusion. Only a few persons—those who felt that they must, for her sake—had followed the hearse to Paco Cemetery. The many women who had been at her side before the funeral had had no kind word for the dead man. They merely left him out of their expressions of sympathy. For the Service—it must, as a matter of course—considers death preferable to dishonor. There was no officer who did not think that Gerlison was better dead; who did not think that he, himself, would rather be dead than look at the world through the eyes of a proved coward. When her friends saw that she was becoming ill from grief; when they concluded that she had really loved Gerlison, they had to cover a feeling of disgust that so fine a woman should ruin her health and peace of mind for such a miserable object. For her sake, because they could not refer to him with respect, they were less than ever inclined to mention him. She construed this as meaning that they thought that she had not found her husband's death unwelcome.

Continually, the Major's account of the scene at the club passed through her mind. She, the subject of a brawl on the night that he was killed! All Manila must know, she was certain, that she had kept

Captain Barnes's letters. Probably it had no doubt but they loved each other—even—no!—she would not, could not think that they would believe that of her. She had left the Major to go out at a time when women ought not to have been abroad, to be met by Captain Barnes. She had been seen with him; yes, in his arms! Melancholy having gained sway over her, it fed upon its own vagaries.

The prescription which she needed was to overhear such a conversation as that which had so abruptly taken the Captain's mind off his newspaper at the club. Captain Leeds partially supplied it. He was of a character equal to heroic measures.

"I'm afraid that something besides Japan is needed to do you any good," he said.

"No, no! Why do you say that?"

She leaned forward in her chair on the launch which was taking them out to the transport, feeling that in what was to follow was corroboration of all her fears. Leeds had always been a true friend; she felt that he was going to tell her the opinion of the Service—reveal the heart of the bugbear of every woman in the army.

"Why? Mrs. Gerlison, you have been candid with me a great many times! It's my turn to be candid with you."

"Yes, yes. Go on!" she cried, inviting the worst.

"Yes, you've called me a small boy and a great fool, as I remember. I—I," he hesitated. He had always, whatever she said, received it with the awe, gallantry, and respect of youth at the bottom of the ladder addressing a goddess at the top. "I—I am glad to see you so much interested in anything, these days."

"Is that any reason you shouldn't go on? Or is it all preamble, like a Spanish proclamation?"

She tried to smile, while she cupped her chin in her hands in the old way.

"Well, the army thinks you are a great fool! It would like to take you and shake you, and know what you mean by it—he's been dead eight mo—and I'm the only one that has nerve enough to tell you so."

Leeds wiped his face with his handkerchief and breathed hard. He expected to be told to mind his own business.

"They do think that?" she asked, absently. Then she added: "You have begun telling me, go on—I have always relied on you—tell me what they think of the scene at the club between Captain Barnes and my husband!"

"That the Major deserved more than he got. As I heard it, Captain Barnes, who is a gentleman"—Leeds could not help putting that in—"was dazed when your husband threw the contents of his glass in the Captain's face. Captain Barnes told him that his tale was a lie, and pushed him back into his chair. He called for another drink. Then the cry of the outbreak came."

"And my going out into Tondo alone in a carriage?"

"The noblest thing a woman ever did. We stand in awe of you for it!"

"And Captain Barnes's rescuing me?"

"Why, that it was fortunate and that he did not want to embarrass you by returning with you; but if he had cared for you he would have gone anyway. I would. I couldn't have helped it, duty or no duty. The army doesn't expect you to be gay, but it does think that you're a great fool to mourn yourself ill; that Gerlison owed everything to you; that he would have been out of the army long ago but for you—why, whenever the regulars criticised the volunteers, the volunteers had only to point to him in reply—that he was a drunken brute, and a disgrace to the Service; that you were a fool to remain with him when that half-breed Señora—;

that he was not worth a tear of such a woman as you; that if Benito were to appear on the Luneta to-night he would receive an ovation; that——"

He was rushing on with the impetuosity which is the extreme that goes with the stiff drill of the parade-ground and the discipline of corps; while she had listened spellbound for a moment, as his flood of words beat down her illusions, before she realized how awful was the character which he was painting.

"Stop! He was my husband!" she cried.

But once in a charge, Leeds would not halt until he reached his objective.

"It's all true," he repeated, firmly.

She could not deny that it was; and she looked away from him in silence.

"And Benito. I have something to say about him, too," he went on. "He was brought in wounded, four days ago."

"He was?"

"Yes. He's dead. I wouldn't speak to you before because I wanted him to die in peace, and I didn't know what you might do. He stood up alone in the face of a company, firing till we brought him down. When he saw that I recognized him, he said: '*No quere* (I don't care). I kill him now,

again. He go to get his sword to kill me. I kill him first.' "

"And if I had left my husband his revolver he would still be alive."

"Where was the revolver?"

"I took it out of his lap when I went to the carriage."

"Who put it there?"

"I did."

"And where did you get it?" he went on mercilessly.

"From his room, hanging beside his sword."

"Then he couldn't have reached his revolver any more than he did his sword before Benito struck the blow. Benito was bound to have killed him."

"But if I had remained at the house?"

"Is it a wife's duty to be at the side of a soldier-husband every moment for fear a servant may kill him? Is that the creed of an army woman?"

The manner of her silence showed that she had found his argument unanswerable, if not convincing.

After their arrival alongside the transport, the presence of other persons made it impossible to recur to the subject. As he exacted a final promise that she would try to be more cheerful, he told her that if he did not hear good news about her from

Japan he would go there himself, and continue the rough treatment which he had just begun. She smiled faintly, replying that he would be welcome.

"She's going to drop right back into the rut," he thought, on his way ashore. "It's a pure and simple case of melancholia. If I'd only known what the real trouble was in the first place, I'd have burned her house down, if necessary, to get her out of Manila."

While the transport was sailing out of the bay, Captain Barnes was walking up and down the deck, with his hands clasped behind him, trying to think that he was not thinking of Mrs. Gerlison. That had been the state of his mind for most of a sleepless night. He was dimly conscious, however, that there is no fool like an old fool, and no old fool like an old fool of a sailor. His pursuit of something which would kill all recollection of her and make him again a sober being instead of a sentimentalist, led him into many paths of reasoning natural to one who had long nurtured love without giving it any expression in practice. If she had told him No, bluntly; if she had said clearly that there was no hope, it would have been better, he thought. He had acted like a clod in her presence, anyway. He had written nothing, said nothing to sympathize with her in her grief.

He had left her that night in Tondo under circumstances unworthy of any man who called himself a gentleman. She ought to know the reason for his discourtesy. In justice to himself he ought to apologize. He sat down at his desk to write as shamefacedly as a stolid merchant wipes a tear from his eye at the theatre.

Once started, he wrote rapidly, impulsively, the feelings of his heart, without regard for the niceties of composition:

U. S. S. *Terre Haute,*
October 16, 1899.

Dear Madam: That day at Pompeii was the beginning of my first real love, which still lives. In all the time elapsed since then I have known many women, and all that I have seen of them has only confirmed the opinion that you were the *one* woman to me. Such narrowness of vision is said to be out of date, but that does not make it possible for mine to be broadened. The place reserved for a wife in my heart was occupied by your memory. I never sought you out because I would not submit myself to such temptation or misery. The memory was better than your presence with the barrier between us. Besides, I had no reason to believe that you

cared for me. It was unreasonable that you should. You did not.

Yet, when your husband said he had found you with my letters and my picture, I believed that you did. I realized a joy which is unimaginable. But I told your husband that he lied. I denied all, for *that was right.* Now I know that I spoke the truth —for I have heard the gossip of the club when it was not known that I was listening—I know that the letters were an hallucination of your husband. So, no breath of scandal was attached to your name.

But I did not know that you had not kept the letters when I carried you in my arms out of the fire. I could not help it: I did then have for you the feeling of a lover for his sweetheart while I dammed the tide of my emotion with reason and subterfuge. I did not go back with you, as my heart prompted, because I thought that it would not be right; because I thought that it would save you trouble.

I did not write to you sympathizing with you on the death of your husband because I thought him a drunkard and a brute—that I must say, in keeping with the candor of this letter. Your love and feeling for him, as you mourn his death, I respect.

You will forgive a white-haired sailor for his bluntness. Twenty years' waiting behind him and

a lifetime's waiting before him ought to make it allowable for him to say what he thinks. To the end I love you. Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR BARNES.

The next morning he was sorry that he had sent the letter. On the evening of the same day he was glad that he had. It was too soon for a reply when, two weeks after Mrs. Gerlison's departure, he was ordered to Hong-Kong. There, the cable bade him to go to Yokohama as soon as the cruiser was docked. Mrs. Gerlison, he had been told, was at Yokohama. His regret that he had written the letter grew during the voyage. It was a boorish way to state his feelings; he ought to have gone to her in person, he thought.

After the *Terre Haute* had dropped anchor late one afternoon in the harbor, some naval officers and army officers on sick leave, who were recuperating in Japan, came on board to give him any news they had in return for his. They mentioned that Mrs. Gerlison was at the hotel. Moreover, she was no longer in mourning, and seemed like herself again. While they were talking, a bundle of mail forwarded from Manila was brought to him. As he glanced over the letters he noticed one in a feminine hand,

post-marked "Yokohama." He placed it with the address side down by itself on his desk. When his visitors had gone he picked it up and looked at it. It was thin, suggesting a brief answer. He put it down. Then he began walking back and forth, repeating to himself:

"She's out of mourning! Looking like herself again!"

He picked up the letter a second time; again, laid it down.

"No, no! I won't open it. I haven't had a fair chance. I've put all my eggs in one basket. No! I must see her and talk to her—why, she doesn't know that I can talk. Courting in that way—by letter—as if I was not man enough to go to her in person!"

For he realized at heart that if the letter said No, he would not have the courage to call on her. With her answer unopened, his more than boyish reasoning told him that the gate was not entirely closed. Unless he could be alone with her for a few hours, he knew that he would become embarrassed.

Safe from intrusion, he was sure that he could be eloquent. Again he wrote to her.

"I shall be at the hotel at nine in the morning to take you for a ride to Pompeii," he said. "Will you

go? It is all that I shall ever ask. Is it too much after I have loved you for twenty years?"

Su Chee, his Chinese "boy," had been wondering for some time what was troubling his master. The next morning he assigned the cause. He knew that it was a woman.

"I look better in a uniform, don't I, Chee?" he asked impulsively, as he regarded himself in civilian garb in the mirror. "I'll have to wear this, though."

"Lil'. Mlasta can do. All same velly handsome."

So he was. But he thought that he looked very old; that there was no reason in the world why a man of his age should have snow-white hair.

He took her letter ashore with him. If she were not there to receive him he was going to ride out into the country alone and read it, and never think of her after that day—never!

As a carriage was drawn up before the hotel promptly at nine, its occupant was conscious that the beats of his heart were pounding against the cushion. Fearfully, he looked up toward the veranda, and there he saw Mrs. Gerlison, parasol in hand, rising from a chair.

She was in a summer gown. The color was back in her cheeks. Thanks to Captain Leeds, who had

shown her the way out of purgatory, she was herself again.

The Captain suddenly found himself as self-possessed as if he were on the bridge of his cruiser.

"I thank you! I thank you!" he said, as he assisted her into the carriage.

They talked of Japan and Yokohama while they were yet in the city and the suburbs. Not until they were in the open country, with no one in sight except the laborers going about their work in the rice-fields did he speak of what was in his heart.

"That letter," he explained—"I said what I thought. But I want to say more. I do not want to be judged by that alone."

"Didn't you get my answer?" she asked.

"Yes. I have it with me. But I didn't dare to read it."

"Then you'd better, now."

She was looking at the bottom of the carriage, which she was poking with her parasol.

His coolness turned to fear while he opened the envelope with trembling fingers. As he unfolded the sheet, he read:

"Yokohama is not far away. Wouldn't you rather tell me these things in person?"

Below the words, in the fold of the paper, was a

dried flower. He knew that it was the one that he had picked from between the stone seats of the theatre at Pompeii and given to her.

"And I've kept the one that you gave me in return," he replied.

While they were lunching in the inn at Kamakura, alone, except for a little Japanese maid who went and came, he said:

"I like this even better than Pompeii."

"So do I," she replied. "Because we shall not be separated afterward. And let us forget—we are young enough to, dear—that there was any stretch of years between that day and this."

I will add that in some of the tales in which she has appeared, Mrs. Gerlison was already known by a different name; but to have called her "Mrs. Barnes" would have been *telling*.